

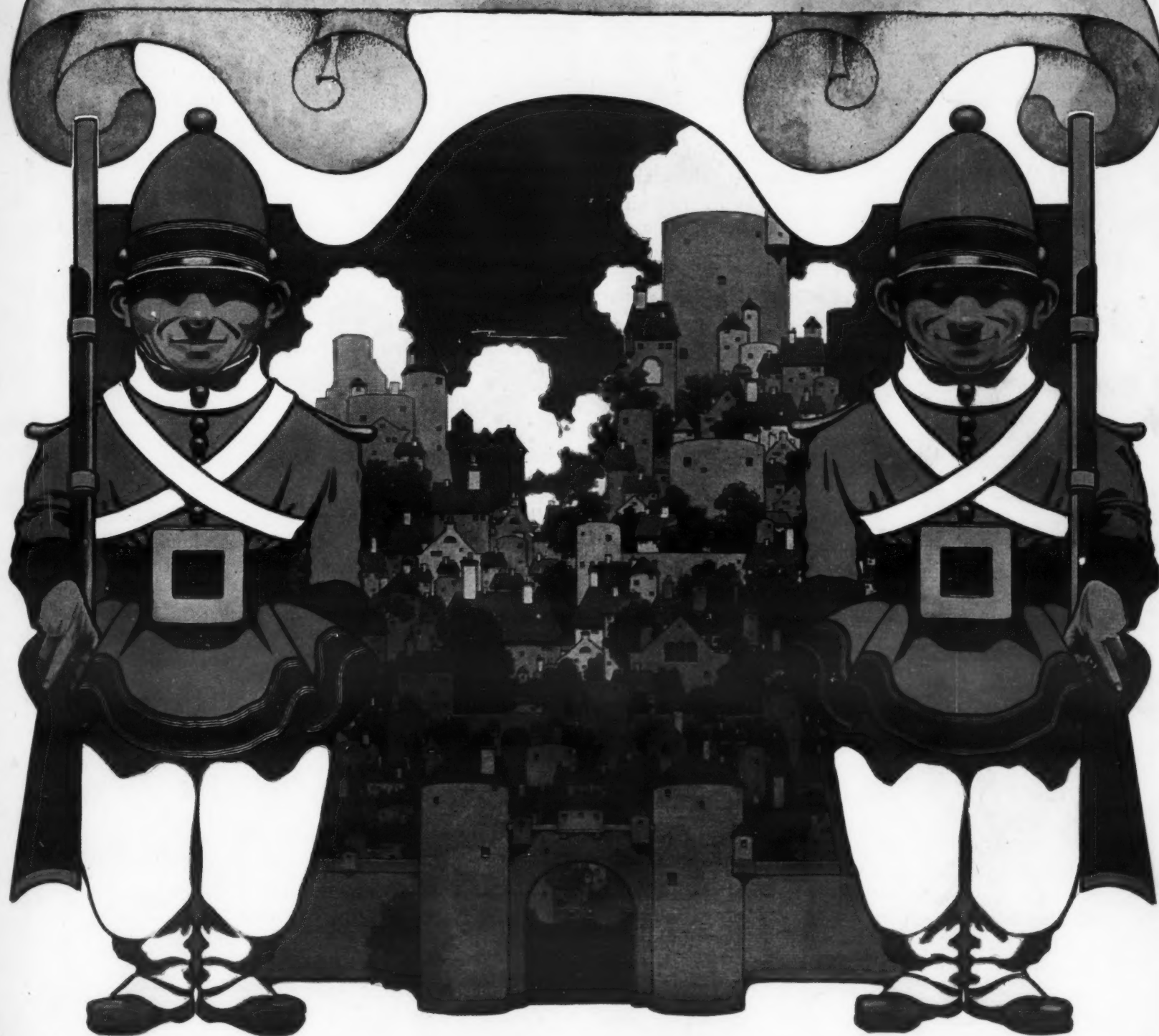
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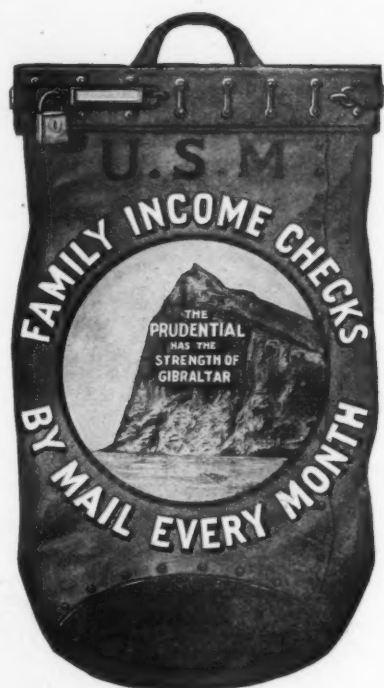
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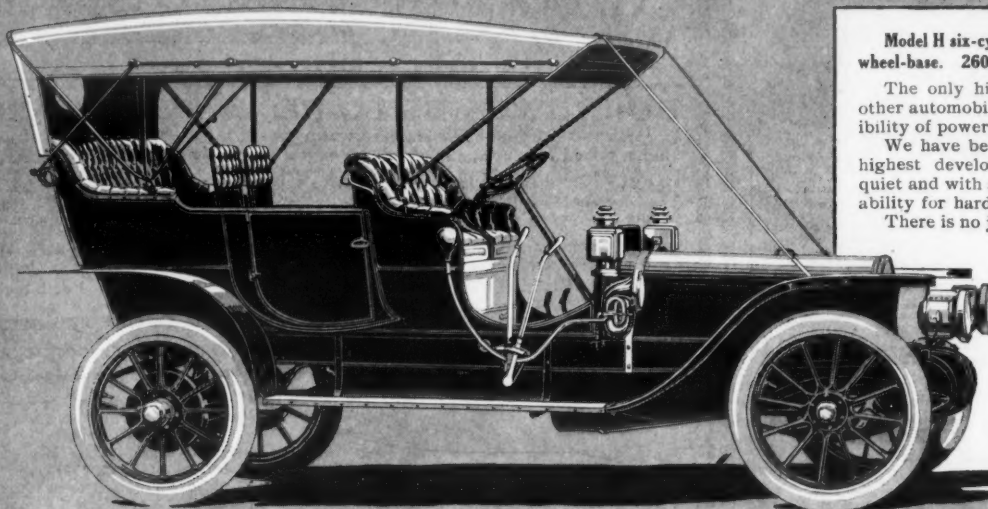
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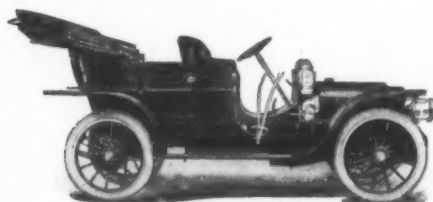
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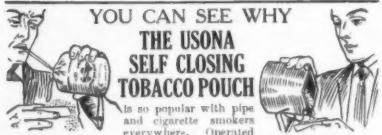
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Collier's

Saturday, December 12, 1908



| | | |
|---|--|-------|
| Cover Design | Drawn by Maxfield Parrish | |
| Patricia | A Study in Oils by Charles Dana Gibson | 9 |
| A Modern Cinderella | Painted in Color by Jessie Willcox Smith | 10 |
| Editorials | | 11 |
| "Doan' Dat Jes Make Yer Mouf Water?" | E. W. Kemble | 12 |
| The Angels of Man. Poem | Bliss Carman | 13 |
| Theodore Roosevelt's Last Message | | 14 |
| A Reminiscence of Mr. Sherlock Holmes | A. Conan Doyle | 15 |
| The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans | Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele | |
| Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy | Hashimura Togo | 19 |
| XLIII—Do I Believe in Sandy Claws? | Illustrated by Rollin Kirby | |
| "The Stranger" | Double-page Painting by Frederic Remington | 20-21 |
| Samaritans Unsong | Arthur Ruhl | 22 |
| The Knight | Drawn in Color by Maxfield Parrish | 23 |
| Who Is My Neighbor? Story | Sarah Comstock | 24 |
| A Colonial Christmas | Drawings by R. F. Thomson | 26 |
| Closing Events of the Season's Outdoor Sports | Photographs | 27 |
| The Race | | 36 |
| Politeness of Maggie | | 36 |

Volume XLIII Number 12

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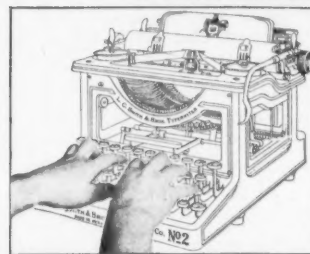
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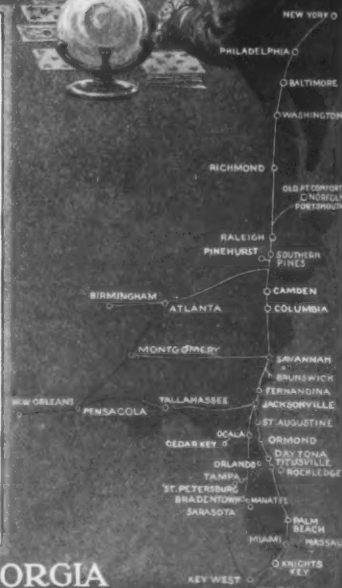
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THE CAROLINAS AND GEORGIA





A No. 015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$118, were used to Steam heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 650 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$310, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. C-243 IDEAL Boiler and 750 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$365, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 020 IDEAL Boiler and 262 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$185, were used to Steam heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$240, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 2-19 IDEAL Boiler and 315 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$176, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 224 IDEAL Boiler and 272 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$190, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. A-243 IDEAL Boiler and 750 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$365, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 600 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$295, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 22 IDEAL Boiler and 240 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$120, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 21-5 IDEAL Boiler and 627 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$375, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

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Last Winter's lesson was a long and expensive one to those who relied on old-fashioned heating. Must it be learned all over again or will you now take advantage of this good buying time to put in a reliable Hot-Water or Low-Pressure Steam heating outfit?

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IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators have raised the standard of home comfort. They provide uniform warmth in all rooms, far and near, and under perfect control. They bring no ash-dust or coal-gases into the living-rooms, greatly reducing house-cleaning and saving much wear on carpets and furnishings. They are noiseless, absolutely safe, and outlast the house. They require no more caretaking in heating 5 to 15 rooms than to run a stove for one room. The fuel savings, health protection, and cleanliness soon repay their cost.

The question most often put to us is: "What will it cost to heat my cottage, consisting of — rooms?" Failure to answer this question promptly and exactly brings criticism. The owner forgets that, for instance, all five-room cottages are not built exactly alike as to size of rooms, height of ceiling, amount of window or glass surface; nor are they all constructed of equal quality of material, or weather tightness, or so located with respect to adjoining buildings as to be equally protected from the elements. This is likewise true of six-, seven-, eight-, and nine-room or larger cottages, and these factors decide the character and size of the heating outfit for each particular building, and the cost thereof.

The only fair and correct way for your interest and ours is to permit a representative to call and examine into your exact heating needs. Such definite information and prices will put you under no obligation whatsoever to buy.

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CHRISTMAS A.D. MCMVIII



Patricia

A Study in Oils by Charles Dana Gibson

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Little Heroines of Fairy Tales

A Modern Cinderella

The Third of a Series of Five Drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith



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December 12, 1908

The Prince of Peace

ALL THE OLD TROUBLOUS QUESTIONS of the origin and destination of the Galilee Carpenter have passed. All the medieval worriment in discriminating between human and divine has gone, all the puzzled inquiry into the miraculous. No longer is mankind stirred over the non-essential. Theories of Him fade away, dogmas on His nature lose their charm. His gentleness has conquered. His influence continues and widens. Slowly brightening, the Gleam that touched Him spreads through the world. His spirit moves on the face of civilization, and makes it kindlier every generation. The touch of His hand is on the grief-stricken. Nurse, physician, and nun are the messengers of His teaching. The vestal fires burned out, but never the fires of His spirit, which answer each other from mountain-top to mountain-top across the continents. And deep in the heart of the people they make family life sweeter and ease the bitterness of failure and ignorance and all life's incompleteness. That wonder-working personality was never so potent as to-day—so insistent and tenderly sure. Under a thousand forms, creeds, and names, men serve Him. And however far we go in the conquest of nature, identifying the North Pole, climbing the sky, prying open electrical forces, mapping out the subliminal, diminishing sin, disease, war, poverty, ignorance—always in the advance will be that gracious figure of the Sinless One, who showed Love as the rule of life. One Perfect Man—ardent and gentle—the race will never tire of Him.

Christmas

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT inheres in the merriment of children, a religious glow for all participants, a burst of generosity for those less favored, and a sense of universal peace. Stated more concretely, the deep concerns of the day are the child, the family, the church, and the poor. Its active celebration consists in releasing the good-will of each heart through unselfish action or gratitude. Its atmosphere derives from the old-time attractive belief that at a certain season of the year there was a Peace of God, with a laying down of arms and a cessation of strife. The hope of the day is that there shall be an extension of the area and time-limit of that peace till it gathers in the nations and interpenetrates the daily struggle of the individual. A holiday season offers us the chance to step out and look at our work, and the spirit and purpose of the work. It is a seventh-day affirmation of the worth of the six days of headlong creative activity. Like the Gobelin tapestry weavers, we are mostly on the wrong side of our own pattern. It is profoundly good once a year to see that the outworking is gracious and progressive. The deeper mood of Christmas is quieting to the perturbed spirit of us. We are permitted to glimpse the eternal order—to know that the near foreground is torn and swaying with blind struggle and muddy turmoil, but that behind it, for all the reaches of space, there is the assurance of a great peace.

The Changing Celebration

THE ONE REMAINS. The many change and pass. The Christmas idea is undying. The notions of it alter with the climate and the Zeitgeist. There was a time when it was a barbaric festival, full of gladness and roughness. The long northern nights and the black forests shaped it into a crude, elemental thing—a mixture of fairies and saints, where horse-play jostled religion. Grotesque as a gargoyle, it was both worshipful and rowdy. Then came the easier and happier days of civilization, when the family celebration was all in all. It became a Feast of Lights—a white flame on a green background. Frosting, tinsel, gay spangles lent themselves to the brightness of family joy. But even that was not enough. To-day we vow a richer Christmas than any in history. We would lose no twilight touch of the ancient mystery. Every exploration increases the wonder of life. Every discovery plunges us deeper. We would still cling very warmly to all the touching and life-giving elements of the family

reunion. But the master-word of brotherhood has been spoken, and we would at last invite in to our festival all the human family. There is no alien at this feast. Soon it will be possible to include in our giving the gift of protection to our shop-girls, relief from overwork and underpay. We will save working men from being slaughtered by machines, from evil dwellings and prolonged toil. We will give back childhood to the children. So each year we shall have a celebration of fuller meaning. Conserving the past and cherishing the happiness of home life, we will little by little let in a richer music, like a golden-tongued bell turning from a minor to a song of the ultimate triumph.

A Beneficent Trust of Editors

HERE IS A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION for the magazines, weeklies, and daily journals of the forty-six free States. Let them create a beneficent conspiracy in behalf of progress. Each one of them is gripped by a conviction from time to time, and in a lonely and earnest way makes its way to the Amen row, and shouts with the converted. It is like a series of rifle-shots swinging all round the compass. If all who write and edit could agree on an objective, the attack would gain tenfold in directness and power. There is Mr. DREISER on the "Delineator," with a keen eye for the tragedy of little children, and he has broken a lonely spear. "Everybody's Magazine" admirably states the woful facts of women in industry. And so in a dozen different offices isolated efforts are being made to wage a solitary warfare against abuses and iniquities, and to carry through a single-handed crusade in defense of good works. Here, then, we propose a trust on the side of the angels. Let us have a magazine syndicate of social service. If the editors of the United States will agree on a program of social betterment, the day of attainment can be wonderfully hastened. We suggest the treatment of tuberculosis, the evil of child labor, the conservation of natural resources, overwork, and congestion, as five of the undebatable items of a betterment program, upon which all journals could focus. With such a synthesis of magazine effort, publicity would be instantaneously realized, public opinion would be swiftly formed, and legislation or private effort follow. We could hasten the good days that are coming and catch up with our own future. By thus directing the enginery of publicity the area of social betterment can be steadily widened, instead of being redeemed in unrelated patches. And this friendly agreement would remove the elements of discouragement that result from spasmodic crusades. It has been a criticism passed on popular journalism that, in its attack on evil and its advocacy of social reform, its intensity was short-lived—first red-hot and then oblivious. The critics of journalism say that the altruism of the press is too often a bid for publicity and sales. Here would be the proof that there is no lurking advertising motive in the bosom of the militant editors. Let their specific and unified purpose be that of dealing with the very core of our problems. Editors of America, unite. You have nothing to lose but your loneliness. You have a world to gain—a world that is kindly and even beautiful to many, and whose casual injustices must be steadily diminished by cheerful and intelligent cooperation.

Samurai

IT IS AN ATTRACTIVE FANCY of an English prose-poet that modern life has need of a new order of Samurai—Sword-bearers in a peaceful day. He means that an excellent corrective in a tumultuous age is a group of human beings who hold themselves to a stern régime of daily living—a rigor of physical well-being and the life of the mind, living at the top of being, but with no sense of overstrain. It is only here that we shall find steadfast hope and progressive thinking embodied in men that are not overwrought, fanatical, or angry. That sane quality in men is only found when the health is steadily guarded like a sacred flame. The sense of unquenchable vitality is

won in no haphazard way. It springs from hard exercise, the asceticism of daily cold bathing, early and long hours of rest, and a temperance that is unaware of modern "dining out." The Samurai order must be Grecian in its desire for physical perfection. In the application of ideas to life and the nice adjustments of the growing sense of justice to the state, there are needed a wisdom and sanity well removed from lethargy and the conservatism of the great refusal. But there is need of an equal distance to be maintained from much of the present-day radicalism. The voice of the ultra-radicals is harsh, and their attitude is forgetful of the rich past. The appeal to hate works more injustice than indifference or selfishness. The friends of the new order will be found in neither extreme, and yet theirs will not be a removal from the arena itself.

Rather it is affirming another set of values than that of the men overcome by the dust and heat of the contest. The new and higher values will be adhered to as rigidly as the soldier adheres to the "Forward, March" idea, or the business man to the laws of trade. Such men, if we can rear them, will give balance and poise to an age that is passionate for justice. They will be open to the fine infections of the modern air, but not overstimulated into excess of sentiment and one-sided pity by the gradualness of the eternal process. The times have need of these Samurai of the intellect, men who are progressive but sure-footed, trafficking in ultimate ideas but unworried by the setbacks and sidetracks of faulty human nature.

Safeguards at Savannah

ON THE DAY of the Grand Prize race, Mayor TIEDEMAN of Savannah, wearing an official ribbon, started across the course. He was stopped by a policeman. "Pass, your Honor?" The Mayor, though fountain-head of passes, had failed to write one for himself. The race was starting; he was in a hurry. "You know me, officer," he said. "It's all right."—"I know your Honor, but I have my orders." The Mayor waited until a blank was secured. Then, with his fountain pen, he filled it out: *Pass George W. Tiedeman. Signed: George W. Tiedeman.* This is the spirit which enables the city of Savannah to boast the first well-policed international road race held in the United States. There was not a solid wall of soldiers, but there was a general understanding that such soldiers as there were meant business. The few who doubted this suffered. Several passes were "lifted." One man was bayoneted. A racing driver, heedless of an order, was halted by a bullet in his tire. "We're going to send you boys home alive," said an Irish policeman, with sixteen notches in his gun, "if we have to kill you to do it." Savannah asks for the next Grand Prize race. If big, rich, indifferent New York can not keep her courses clear—and she never has—by all means let hospitable, energetic little Savannah have the races.

Dibacious Orthodoxy

G. K. CHESTERTON has just written the most thoroughly joyous book of his rollicking career. He calls it "Orthodoxy," and in it he champions Early Christianity, and writes a dashing defense of dogma. There is the same pleasure in reading him as in watching a

ten-year-old boy trampling down pansies. It is unruly but wholesome vitality, and is on the side of the life-forces. In his straining to be the wittiest man in London, he sacrifices essential truth on countless altars of epigram. He writes loosely and repetitiously, which should be shameful to an author who knows the exactly right word when he meets it. But the tone of the man is invigorating, and his touch on fundamentals is sure. He is perhaps the sole member of the paradoxical crew who keeps his thinking unperturbed and sane even when he is standing on his head. At times he is silly, but never cynical. With his rapid style, and his unceasing play of pyrotechnics, he produces a book that is more entertaining than almost any novel of the year, and that is closer to the big truths than our grave doctors of

neurotic psychology and the growing libraries of so-called new thought, always thin and often poisonous. The beautiful saying of Professor BEERS ON CARLYLE: "The hot heart of the Scot wedded to the transcendental dream of Germany," might be paraphrased and weakened but still serve to identify Mr. CHESTERTON's method: "The leaping wit of the Parisian wedded to the valiant faith of the Roundhead—fighter and jester, too."

A Faithful Servitor

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" has long been gathering dust upon the topmost bookshelf. Though it lingers on the stage, even there its meaning is dulled by the years. In a recent performance of this play in New York City a reporter purports to have heard between the acts:

"Do you think it had anything to do with the war?" the younger brother asked Mr. Young Corbett. "That I can not say," answered the older Mr. Young Corbett. "But," he went on, "what's the difference? We licked hell out of the Spaniards anyway."

Even allowing for facetiousness, probably this approximates the rising generation's knowledge of Mrs. STOWE and her book. Nevertheless, countless "Uncle Tommers" still continue to carry delight to the countryside. A bit of the program—which anticipates every thrill—of a recent performance in the "Opera House" of a small Pennsylvania town is worth recording, because it shows the blue-light appeal of sterling melodrama that the play is making to-day:

"ACT I. SCENE 1.—December evening at Shelley's Plantation in Kentucky. Uncle Tom's Cabin. Uncle Tom and Harry sold. Eliza comes to Uncle Tom's for counsel. Good-by, dear old cabin home. SCENE 2—Next evening. Tavern on the Ohio River. Bloodhounds on the trail. Phineas to the rescue.

"ACT II. SCENE 1.—The old tavern. The villains [!] foiled. SCENE 2—Reunited. Phineas as a Quaker. SCENE 3—The fight in the rocky pass.

"ACT III.—The Stetson quartet in popular ragtime melodies."

And so it went. All the old favorites were there—"Uncle Tom, the faithful old slave," beaming and turning the other burnt-cork cheek whenever possible; "Geo. Harris, a desperate fugitive," his desperation literally painted on his visage; "Aunt Chloe, Uncle Tom's faithful old wife," palpably in her teens; "Simon Legree, the Terror of the Red River," wearing a cigar rakishly in one corner of his mouth and larruping everybody in sight. But best of all was "Lawyer Marks." It is impossible to say whether actor DAVE H. BOYES had happened upon his make-up, or whether with a soul filled with guile he was satirizing local celebrities. At any rate, he was made up as the friendly image



"Doan' dat jes make yer mouf water?"

of Mr. PHILANDER C. KNOX, present Senator from Pennsylvania and formerly a corporation lawyer. Evidently one window of Uncle Tom's Cabin looks out upon the present.

Holiday Helpfulness

THERE ARE A MYRIAD DEFINITE WAYS in which a person with an overplus of holiday spirit may express the will to help. An excellent and far-reaching device is the Red Cross Christmas stamp to be pasted on letters and packets. It has no carrying power as postage, but its vivid green and red are decorative, and the proceeds from its sale are used to fight tuberculosis. The stamp was designed by HOWARD PYLE, and it sells for a cent. It is on sale singly or in quantities at the American National Red Cross, Washington, District of Columbia, or at any of the thirty-three State Red Cross branches. The idea of this benevolent franking originated in Denmark and was

transplanted by JACOB A. RIIS. Another kind of work that appeals to generosity and common sense is that carried on by MAUDE E. MINER at No. 165 West Tenth Street, New York City. She is in charge of Waverley House, "a home for girls released from the courts on probation or paroled in the custody of probation officers." That means, being interpreted, that Miss MINER saves girls who through ignorance or poverty would else be forced out upon the street to lead the life of shame. Country girls, immigrant girls, girls who have just lost their jobs, are peculiarly unprotected. They can be returned to their homes or directed to honest work, if reached in time when new to the city and the life. Miss MINER's work is cooperated in by the city magistrates, and is endorsed by such "social experts" as EDWARD T. DEVINE and HOMER FOLKS. To extend the work and make it reach hundreds where to-day it reaches dozens, contributions of money, books, and pictures will be welcomed.

The Angels of Man

By Bliss Carman

THE word of the Lord of the outer worlds
Went forth on the deeps of space,
That Michael, Gabriel, Rafael,
Should stand before his face,
The seraphs of his threefold will,
Each in his ordered place.

BRAVE Michael, the right hand of God,
Strong Gabriel, his voice,
Fair Rafael, his holy breath
That makes the world rejoice,—
Archangels of omnipotence,
Of knowledge, and of choice;

MICHAEL, angel of loveliness
In all things that survive,
And Gabriel, whose part it is
To ponder and contrive,
And Rafael, who puts the heart
In every thing alive.

CAME Rafael, the enraptured soul,
Stainless as wind or fire,
The urge within the flux of things,
The life that must aspire,
With whom is the beginning,
The worth, and the desire;

AND Gabriel, the all-seeing mind,
Bringer of truth and light,
Who lays the courses of the stars
In their stupendous flight,
And calls the migrant flocks of spring
Across the purple night;

AND Michael, the artificer
Of beauty, shape, and hue,
Lord of the forges of the sun,
The crucible of the dew,
And driver of the plowing rain
When the flowers are born anew.

THEN said the Lord: "Ye shall account
For the ministry ye hold,
Since ye have been my sons to keep
My purpose from of old.
How fare the realms within your sway
To perfections still untold?"

ANSWERED each as he had the word.
And a great silence fell
On all the listening hosts of heaven
To hear their captains tell,—
With the breath of the wind, the call of a bird,
And the cry of a mighty bell.

THEN the Lord said: "The time is ripe
For finishing my plan,
And the accomplishment of that
For which all time began.
Therefore on you is laid the task
Of the fashioning of man;

"**I**N your own likeness shall he be,
To triumph in the end.
I only give him Michael's strength
To guard him and defend,
With Gabriel to be his guide,
And Rafael his friend.

"**W**E shall go forth upon the earth,
And make there Paradise,
And be the angels of that place
To make men glad and wise,
With loving-kindness in their hearts,
And knowledge in their eyes.

"**A**ND ye shall be man's counselors
That neither rest nor sleep,
To cheer the lonely, lift the frail,
And solace them that weep.
And ever on his wandering trail
Your watch-fires ye shall keep;

"**T**ILL in the far years he shall find
The country of his quest,
The empire of the open truth,
The vision of the best,
Foreseen by every mother saint
With her new-born on her breast."

Theodore Roosevelt's Last Message

In mood as well as in date the President's message is a valedictory, giving his final charge to the American people to keep the faith, and hammering home the dozen remedial measures known as the "Roosevelt policies." Specifically, he urges that all railways and that telegraph and telephone companies engaged in interstate business be put under the Interstate Commerce Commission. He calls for immediate employers' liability laws. He reprobates the judges who are bound by tradition and fail to recognize the deliberate judgment of the majority, ridicules a "freedom of contract" and a "liberty" that permit "misery-hunted beings" to enter dangerous occupations, criticizes the use of temporary injunctions against labor, and points out "marked inefficiency" in dealing with corporations. The forest waste is deplored. A bigger navy and abolition of the naval bureau organization, with a change from General Board to General Staff, are urged.

CORPORATIONS.—The President affirms that the National Government alone can exercise the right to control all agencies of interstate commerce.

The railways of the country should be put completely under the Interstate Commerce Commission and removed from the domain of the anti-trust law. The power of the Commission should be made thoroughgoing, so that it could exercise complete supervision and control over the issue of securities as well as over the raising and lowering of rates. As regards rates, at least, this power should be summary. The power to investigate the financial operations and accounts of the railways has been one of the most valuable features in recent legislation. Power to make combinations and traffic agreements should be explicitly conferred upon the railroads, the permission of the Commission being first gained and the combination or agreement being published in all its details. . . . (Rates) must not be reduced in such fashion as to necessitate a cut in the wages of the employees or the abolition of the proper and legitimate profits of honest shareholders.

It is urged that telegraph and telephone companies engaged in interstate business should be put under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He recognizes that opposition to Government control of great corporations makes its most effective appeal to the old doctrine of State rights.

The proposal to make the National Government supreme over, and therefore to give it complete control over, the railroads and other instruments of interstate commerce is merely a proposal to carry out to the letter one of the prime purposes, if not the prime purpose, for which the Constitution was founded. It does not represent centralization. It represents merely the acknowledgment of the patent fact that centralization has already come in business.

It is further insisted that there is legislation which the Federal Government alone can enact, among which are specified regulation by the national Government of the great interstate corporations, including a simple method of account-keeping, publicity, supervision of the issuing of securities, abolition of rebates and of special privileges.

LABOR.—Reference is made to the readjustment of society to modern industrial conditions, and the need of steady effort to bring it about that the men who work with hand or with brain, the laborers, the superintendents, shall own a far greater share than at present of the wealth they produce.

I hope to see a frank recognition of the advantages conferred by machinery, organization, and division of labor, accompanied by an effort to bring about a larger share in the ownership by wage-worker of railway, mill, and factory.

Some of the movement is to be accomplished by such creations of legislation as postal savings banks that will make it easy for the poorest to keep their savings in absolute safety; supervision of corporate finances, prohibition of child labor, diminution of woman labor, shortening of hours of all mechanical labor, prohibition of stock watering, a progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes, the advancement of industrial education. The President emphasizes protection for wage-workers.

There should no longer be any paltering with the question of taking care of the wage-workers who, under our present industrial system, become killed, crippled, or worn out as part of the regular incidents of a given business. The majority of wage-workers must have their rights secured for them by State action; but the National Government should legislate in thoroughgoing and far-reaching fashion not only for all employees of the National Government, but for all persons engaged in interstate commerce.

THE COURTS.—President Roosevelt asks the Congress to increase the "totally inadequate" salaries now given to our judges. He touches on the long delays now obtaining in the administration of justice, much of it due to an over-regard for technicalities. He rebukes

"certain leaders of organized labor" who at the last election "made a violent and sweeping attack upon the entire judiciary," upright and broad-minded as well as those narrow and restricted. He reprobates the labor bill that "legalized blacklisting and boycotting in every form." The demand that there should be trial by jury in contempt cases would seriously impair the authority of the courts. And this policy would mean an "enthronement of class privilege in its crudest and most brutal form." Labor in refusing to unite its vote has manifested good citizenship.

The President then turns to those "members of the judicial body who have lagged behind in their understanding" of the vital changes in the body politic:

There are certain decisions by various courts which have been exceedingly detrimental to the rights of wage-workers. This is true of all the decisions that decide that men and women are, by the Constitution, "guaranteed their liberty" to contract to enter a dangerous occupation, or to work an undesirable or improper number of hours, or to work in unhealthy surroundings; and therefore can not recover damages when maimed in that occupation, and can not be forbidden to work what the Legislature decides is an excessive number of hours, or to carry on the work under conditions which the Legislature declares to be unhealthy.

The talk about preserving to the misery-hunted beings who make contracts for such service their "liberty" to make them, is either to speak in a spirit of heartless irony or else to show an utter lack of knowledge of the conditions of life among the great masses of our fellow countrymen, a lack which unfits a judge to do good service just as it would unfit any executive or legislative officer.

There is also, I think, ground for the belief that substantial injustice is often suffered by employees in consequence of the custom of courts issuing temporary injunctions without notice to them, and punishing them for contempt of court in instances where, as a matter of fact, they have no knowledge of any proceedings. Outside of organized labor there is a widespread feeling that this system often works great injustice to wage-workers when their efforts to better their working condition result in industrial disputes. A temporary injunction procured *ex parte* may as a matter of fact have all the effect of a permanent injunction in causing disaster to the wage-workers' side in such a dispute.

The judges are to be blamed when they fail to recognize the deliberate judgment of the majority. Generalizing on the total human situation of the country, the President says:

The chief breakdown is in dealing with the new relations that arise from the mutualism, the interdependence of our time. Every new social relation begets a new type of wrongdoing—of sin, to use an old-fashioned word—and many years always elapse before society is able to turn this sin into crime which can be effectively punished at law.

The immense growth of corporations, of business done by associations, and the extreme strain and pressure of modern life, have produced conditions which render the public confused as to who its really dangerous foes are; and among the public servants who have not only shared this confusion, but by some of their acts have increased it, are certain judges. Marked inefficiency has been shown in dealing with corporations and in resettling the proper attitude to be taken by the public not only toward corporations, but toward labor, and toward the social questions arising out of the factory system, and the enormous growth of our great cities. We must face the fact that there are wise and unwise judges, just as there are wise and unwise executives and legislators.

FOREST WASTE.—There is such a thing as irreparable damage to our national resources to be guarded against. Not alone are the bare places of our own country witness to the need for forest conservation, but in Northern China, in Central Asia, and in Northern Africa, President Roosevelt finds that the lesson has been written plain.

Persons blinded to the future by desire to make money in every way out of the present sometimes speak as if no great damage would be done by the reckless destruction of our forests. It is difficult to have patience with the arguments of these persons. Thanks to our own recklessness in the use of our splendid forests, we have already crossed the verge of a timber famine in this country. . . . The lesson of deforestation in China is a

lesson which mankind should have learned many times already from what has occurred in other places. Denudation leaves naked soil; then gullying cuts down to the bare rock; and meanwhile the rock-waste buries the bottom-lands. When the soil is gone, men must go; and the process does not take long.

PLAYING WITH THE WATERWAYS.—So-called improvements of our inland waterways have cost the country hundreds of millions of dollars, and yet the traffic is steadily, rapidly declining. Lack of a comprehensive plan of real improvement has led to such bungling work as the "improvement" of the Ohio River, which, begun in 1824, has been continued under three different plans, and may be finished in twenty or in one hundred years.

Such short-sighted, vacillating, and futile methods are accompanied by decreasing water-borne commerce and increasing traffic congestion on land, by increasing floods, and by the waste of public money.

WORK AT PANAMA.—The President sees in the progress of canal building across the Isthmus a model of speed and efficiency in the performance of a work.

No task of such magnitude has ever before been undertaken by any nation; and no task of the kind has ever been better performed. The men on the Isthmus, from Colonel Goethals and his fellow commissioners through the entire list of employees who are faithfully doing their duty, have won their right to the ungrudging respect and gratitude of the American people.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.—Mr. Taft's often-repeated advice to proceed slowly toward the point where the Government of the Philippines is turned over to the Filipinos is echoed by President Roosevelt. It would be too bad to spoil a good work by stopping it too soon. Yet—

The Filipino people, through their officials, are therefore making real steps in the direction of self-government. I hope and believe that these steps mark the beginning of a course which will continue till the Filipinos become fit to decide for themselves whether they desire to be an independent nation.

ARMY FOSSILS.—The President recommends that the retiring board of the army be given broader scope,

so that they could consider general unfitness to command for any cause, in order to secure a far more rigid enforcement than at present in the elimination of officers for mental, physical, or temperamental disabilities. But this plan is recommended only if the Congress does not see fit to provide what in my judgment is far better; that is, for selection in promotion, and for elimination for age.

A NAVAL GENERAL STAFF.—Four new battleships of the *North Dakota*, *Delaware*, *Florida*, and *Utah* type are asked for by President Roosevelt as part of his pleas for a bigger navy. But most important among his recommendations affecting the navy is that which asks that the General Board be changed into a General Staff. The bureau organization, as it now exists, has no merit in the President's eyes. The cruise of the battleship fleet around the world he regards as an invaluable experience.

The navy should be treated as a purely military organization, and everything should be subordinated to the one object of securing military efficiency. Such military efficiency can only be guaranteed in time of war if there is the most thorough previous preparation in time of peace—a preparation, I may add, which will in all probability prevent any need of war. The Secretary must be supreme, and he should have as his official advisers a body of line officers who should themselves have the power to pass upon and coordinate all the work and all the proposals of the several bureaus. A system of promotion by merit, either by selection or by exclusion, or by both processes, should be introduced. It is out of the question, if the present principle of promotion by mere seniority is kept, to expect to get the best results from the higher officers. Our men come too old, and stay for too short a time, in the high command positions.



"We were to go to the theater. . . . Suddenly he darted away into the fog"

A Reminiscence of

Mr. Sherlock Holmes

(From the Diaries of His Friend, John H. Watson, M. D.)

By A. Conan Doyle

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IN THE third week of November, in the year 1893, a dense yellow fog settled down upon London. From the Monday to the Thursday I doubt whether it was ever possible, from our windows in Baker Street, to see the loom of the opposite houses. The first day Holmes had spent in cross-indexing his huge book of references. The second and third had been patiently occupied upon a subject which he had recently made his hobby—the music of the Middle Ages. But when, for the fourth time, after pushing back our chairs from breakfast, we saw the greasy, heavy brown swirl still drifting past us and condensing in oily drops upon the window panes, my comrade's impatient and active nature could endure this drab existence no longer. He paced restlessly about our sitting-room in a fever of suppressed energy, biting his nails, tapping the furniture, and chafing against inaction.

"Nothing of interest in the paper, Watson?" he asked. I was aware that, by anything of interest, Holmes meant anything of criminal interest. There was the news of a revolution, of a possible war, and of an impending change of government, but these did not come within the horizon of my companion. I could see nothing recorded in the shape of crime which was not commonplace and futile. Holmes groaned and resumed his restless meanderings.

"The London criminal is certainly a dull fellow," said he in the querulous voice of the sportsman whose game has failed him. "Look out of this window, Watson. See how the figures loom up, are dimly seen, and then blend once more into the cloud-bank. The thief or the murderer could roam London on such a day as the tiger does the jungle, unseen until he pounces, and then evident only to his victim."

"There have," said I, "been numerous petty thefts."

Holmes snorted his contempt. "This broad and somber stage is set for something greater than that," said he. "It is fortunate for this community that I am not a criminal."

"It is indeed!" said I, heartily.

"Suppose that I were Brooks or Woodhouse, or any of the fifty men who have good reason for taking my life—how long could I survive against my own pursuit? A summons, a bogus appointment, and all would be over. It is well they don't have days of fog in the Latin countries—the countries of assassination."

Dec. 12

By Jove! here comes something at last to break our dead monotony."

It was the maid with a telegram. Holmes tore it open and burst out laughing.

"Well! well! What next?" said he. "Brother Mycroft is coming round."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why not? It is as if you met a tram-car coming down a country lane. Mycroft has his rails, and he runs on them. His Pall Mall lodgings, the Diogenes Club, Whitehall—that is his cycle. Once, and only once, he has been here. What upheaval can possibly have derailed him?"

"Does he not explain?"

Holmes handed me his brother's telegram.

"Must see you over Cadogan West. Coming at once. Mycroft."

"Cadogan West? I have heard the name."

"It recalls nothing to my mind. But that Mycroft should break out in this erratic fashion! A planet might as well leave its orbit. By the way, do you know what Mycroft is?"

I had some vague recollection of an explanation at the time of the Adventure of the Greek Interpreter.

"You told me that he had some small office under the British Government."

Holmes chuckled.

"I did not know you quite so well in those days. One has to be discreet when one talks of high matters of state. You are right in thinking that he is under the British Government. You would also be right in a sense if you said that occasionally he is the British Government."

"My dear Holmes!"

"I thought I might surprise you. Mycroft draws £450 a year, remains a subordinate, has no ambitions of any kind, will receive neither honor nor title, but remains the most indispensable man in the country."

"But how?"

"Well, his position is unique. He has made it for himself. There has never been anything like it before, nor will be again. He has the tidest and most orderly brain, with the greatest capacity for storing facts of any man living. The same great powers which I have turned to the detection of crime he has used for this particular business. The conclusions of every department are passed to him, and he is the central exchange,

the clearing-house which makes out the balance. All other men are specialists, but his specialism is omniscience. We will suppose that a minister needs information as to a point which involves the navy, India, Canada, and the bimetallic question; he could get his separate advices from various departments upon each, but only Mycroft can focus them all, and say offhand how each factor would affect the other. They began by using him as a short-cut, a convenience. Now he has made himself an essential. In that great brain of his everything is pigeonholed, and can be handed out in an instant. Again and again his word has decided the national policy. He lives in it. He thinks of nothing else save when, as an intellectual exercise, he unbends if I call upon him and ask him to advise me on one of my little problems. But Jupiter is descending to-day. What on earth can it mean? Who is Cadogan West, and what is he to Mycroft?"

"I have it!" I cried, and plunged among the litter of papers upon the sofa. "Yes, yes, here he is, sure enough! Cadogan West was the young man who was found dead on the Underground on Tuesday morning."

Holmes sat up at attention, his pipe half-way to his lips.

"This must be serious, Watson. A death which has caused my brother to alter his habits can be no ordinary one. What in the world can he have to do with it? The case was featureless as I remember it. The young man had apparently fallen out of the train and killed himself. He had not been robbed, and there was no particular reason to suspect violence. Is that not so?"

"There has been an inquest," said I, "and a good many fresh facts have come out. Looked at more closely, I should certainly say that it was a curious case."

"Judging by its effect upon my brother, I should think it must be a most extraordinary one." He snuggled down in his armchair. "Now, Watson, let us have the facts."

"The man's name was Arthur Cadogan West. He was twenty-seven years of age, unmarried, and a clerk at Woolwich Arsenal."

"Government employ. Behold the link with Brother Mycroft!"

"He left Woolwich suddenly on Monday night. Was last seen by his fiancée, Miss Violet Westbury, whom he left abruptly in the fog about seven-thirty that evening. There was no quarrel between them, and she can give no motive for his action. The next thing heard of

him was when his dead body was discovered by a plate-layer named Mason, just outside Aldgate Station on the Underground system in London."

"When?"

"The body was found at six on the Tuesday morning. It was lying wide of the metals upon the left hand of the track as one goes eastward at a point close to the station, where the line emerges from the tunnel in which it runs. The head was badly crushed—an injury which might well have been caused by a fall from the train. The body could only have come on the line in that way. Had it been carried down from any neighboring street, it must have passed the station barriers, where a collector is always standing. This point seems absolutely certain."

"Very good. The case is definite enough. The man, dead or alive, either fell or was precipitated from a train. So much is clear to me. Continue."

"The trains which traverse the lines of rail beside which the body was found are those which run from west to east, some being purely metropolitan and some from Willesden and outlying junctions. It can be stated for certain that this young man, when he met his death, was traveling in this direction at some late hour of the night, but at what point he entered the train it is impossible to state."

"His ticket, of course, would show that."

"There was no ticket in his pockets."

"No ticket! Dear me, Watson, this is really very singular. According to my experience it is not possible to reach the platform of a metropolitan train without exhibiting one's ticket. Presumably, then, the young man had one. Was it taken from him in order to conceal the station from which he came? It is possible. Or did he drop it in the carriage? That also is possible. But the point is of curious interest. I understand that there was no sign of robbery?"

"Apparently not. There is a list here of his possessions. His purse contained two pounds fifteen. He had also a check-book on the Woolwich Branch of the Capital & Counties Bank. Through this his identity was established. There were also two dress-circle tickets for the Woolwich Theater, dated for that very evening. Also a small packet of technical papers."

Holmes gave an exclamation of satisfaction.

"There we have it at last, Watson! British Government—Woolwich Arsenal—technical papers—Brother Mycroft, the chain is complete. But here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to speak for himself."

A moment later the tall and portly form of Mycroft Holmes was ushered into the room. Heavily built and massive, there was a suggestion of uncouth physical inertia in the figure, but above this unyielding frame there was perched a head so masterful in its brow, so alert in its steel gray, deep-set eyes, so firm in its lips, and so subtle in its play of expression, that after the first glance one forgot the gross body and remembered only the dominant mind.

At his heels came our old friend—Lestrade of Scotland Yard—thin and austere. The gravity of both their faces foretold some weighty quest. The detective shook hands without a word. Mycroft Holmes struggled out of his overcoat and subsided into an armchair.

"A most annoying business, Sherlock," said he. "I extremely dislike altering my habits, but the powers that be would take no denial. In the present state of Siam it is most awkward that I should be away from the office. But it is a real crisis. I have never seen the Prime Minister so upset. As to the Admiralty, it is buzzing like an overturned beehive. Have you read up the case?"

"We have just done so. What were the technical papers?"

"Ah, there's the point! Fortunately it has not come out. The press would be furious if it did. The papers which this wretched youth had in his pocket were the plans of the Bruce-Partington submarine."

Mycroft Holmes spoke with a solemnity which showed his sense of the importance of the subject. His brother and I sat expectant.

"Surely you have heard of it. I thought every one had heard of it."

"Only as a name."

"Its importance can hardly be exaggerated. It has been the most jealously guarded of all Government secrets. You may take it from me that naval warfare becomes impossible within the radius of a Bruce-Partington's operations. Two years ago a very large sum was smuggled through the estimates and was expended in acquiring a monopoly of the invention. Every effort has been made to keep the secret. The plans, which are exceedingly intricate, comprising some thirty separate patents, each essential to the working of the whole, are kept in an elaborate safe in a confidential office adjoining

the arsenal, with burglar-proof doors and windows. Under no conceivable circumstances were the plans to be taken from the office. If the chief constructor of the navy desired to consult them, even he was forced to go to the Woolwich office for the purpose. And yet here we find them in the pocket of a dead junior clerk in the heart of London. From an official point of view, it's simply awful."

"But you have recovered them?"

"No, Sherlock, no! That's the pinch. We have not. Ten papers were taken from Woolwich. There were seven in the pockets of Cadogan West. The three most essential are gone, stolen, vanished. You must drop everything, Sherlock. Never mind your usual petty puzzles of the police court. It's a vital international problem that you have to solve. Why did Cadogan West take the papers? Where are the missing ones? How did he die? How came his body where it was found? How can the evil be set right? Find an answer to all

of his wife, he was at home the whole of Monday evening after office hours, and his key has never left the watch-chain upon which it hangs."

"Tell us about Cadogan West."

"He had been ten years in the service, and had done good work. He had the reputation of being hot-headed and impetuous, but a straight, honest man. We have nothing against him. He was next to Sidney Johnson in the office. His duties brought him into daily personal contact with the plans. No one else had the handling of them."

"Who locked the plans up that night?"

"Mr. Sidney Johnson, the senior clerk."

"Well, it is surely perfectly clear who took them away. They are actually found upon the person of this junior clerk, Cadogan West. That seems final, does it not?"

"It does, Sherlock, and yet it leaves so much unexplained. In the first place, why did he take them?"

"I presume they were of value?"

"He could have got several thousand for them very easily."

"Can you suggest any possible motive for taking the papers to London except to sell them?"

"No, I can not."

"Then we must take that as our working hypothesis. Young West took the papers. Now this could only be done by having a false key—"

"Several false keys. He had to open the building and the room."

"He had, then, several false keys. He took the papers to London to sell the secret, intending no doubt to have the plans themselves back in the safe next morning before they were missed. While in London on this treasonable mission he met his end."

"How?"

"We will suppose that he was traveling back to Woolwich when he was killed and thrown out of the compartment."

"Aldgate, where the body was found, is considerably past the station for London Bridge, which would be his route to Woolwich."

"Many circumstances could be imagined under which he would pass London Bridge. There was some one in the carriage, for example, with whom he was having an absorbing interview. This interview led to a violent scene, in which he lost his life. Possibly he tried to leave the carriage, fell out on the line, and so met his end. The other closed the door. There was a thick fog, and nothing could be seen."

"No better explanation can be given with our present knowledge, and yet consider, Sherlock, how much you leave untouched. We will suppose,

for argument's sake, that young Cadogan West had determined to convey these papers to London. He would naturally have made an appointment with the foreign agent and kept his evening clear. Instead of that, he took two tickets for the theater, escorted his fiancée halfway there, and then suddenly disappeared."

"A blind," said Lestrade, who had sat listening with some impatience to the conversation.

"A very singular one. That is objection No. 1. Objection No. 2: We will suppose that he reaches London and sees the foreign agent. He must bring back the papers before morning or the loss will be discovered. He took away ten. Only seven were in his pocket. What had become of the other three? He certainly would not leave them of his own free will. Then again, where is the price of his treason? One would have expected to find a large sum of money in his pocket."

"It seems to me perfectly clear," said Lestrade. "I have no doubt at all as to what occurred. He took the papers to sell them. He saw the agent. They could not agree as to price. He started home again, but the agent went with him. In the train the agent murdered him, took the more essential papers, and threw his body from the carriage. That would account for everything, would it not?"

"Why had he no ticket?"

"The ticket would have shown which station was nearest the agent's house. Therefore he took it from the murdered man's pocket."

"Good, Lestrade, very good," said Holmes. "Your theory holds together. But if this is true, then the case is at an end. On the one hand, the traitor is dead. On the other, the plans of the Bruce-Partington submarine are presumably already on the Continent. What is there for us to do?"

"To act, Sherlock—to act," cried Mycroft, springing to his feet. "All my instincts are against this explanation. Use your powers! Go to the scene of the crime! See the people concerned! Leave no stone unturned! In all your career you have never had so great a chance of serving your country."

"Well, well," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, Watson! And you, Lestrade, could you favor us with your company for an hour or two? We will



"This is where the young man's body lay"

these questions and you will have done good service for your country."

"Why do you not solve it yourself, Mycroft? You can see as far as I."

"Possibly, Sherlock. But it is a question of getting details. Give me your details, and from an armchair I will return you an excellent expert opinion. But to run here and run there, to cross-question railway guards, and lie on my face with a lens to my eye—it is not my métier. No, you are the one man who can clear the matter up. If you have a fancy to see your name in the next honors list—"

My friend smiled and shook his head.

"I play the game for the game's own sake," said he. "But the problem certainly presents some points of interest, and I shall be very pleased to look into it. Some more facts, please."

"I have jotted down the more essential ones upon this sheet of paper, together with a few addresses, which you will find of service. The actual official guardian of the papers is the famous Government expert, Sir James Walter, whose decorations and subtitles fill two lines of a book of reference. He has grown gray in the service, is a gentleman, a favored guest in the most exalted houses, and, above all, a man whose patriotism is above proof. He is one of two who have a key of the safe. I may add that the papers were undoubtedly in the office during working hours on Monday, and that Sir James left for London about three o'clock, taking his key with him. He was at the house of Admiral Sinclair at Barclay Square during the whole of the evening when this incident occurred."

"Has the fact been verified?"

"Yes, his brother, Colonel Valentine Walter, has testified to his departure from Woolwich, and Admiral Sinclair to his arrival in London, so Sir James is no longer a direct factor in the problem."

"Who was the other man with a key?"

"The senior clerk and draftsman, Mr. Sidney Johnson. He is a man of forty, married, with five children. He is a silent, morose man, but he has, on the whole, an excellent record in the public service. He is unpopular with his colleagues, but a hard worker. According to his own account, corroborated only by the word

begin our investigation by a visit to Aldgate Station. Good-by, Mycroft! I shall let you have a report before evening, but I warn you in advance that you have little to expect."

AN HOUR later Holmes, Lestrade, and I stood on the Underground railroad at the point where it emerges from the tunnel immediately before Aldgate Station. A courteous, red-faced, old gentleman represented the railway company.

"This is where the young man's body lay," said he, indicating a spot about three feet from the metals. "It could not have fallen from above, for these, as you see, are all blank walls. Therefore it could only have come from a train, and that train, so far as we can trace it, must have passed about midnight on Monday."

"Have the carriages been examined for any sign of violence?"

"There are no such signs, and no ticket has been found."

"No record of a door being found open?"

"None."

"We have had some fresh evidence this morning," said Lestrade. "A passenger who passed Aldgate in an ordinary metropolitan train about eleven-forty on Monday night declares that he heard a heavy thud, as of a body striking the line, just before the train reached the station. There was dense fog, however, and nothing could be seen. He made no report of it. Why, whatever is the matter with Mr. Holmes?"

My friend was standing with an expression of strained intensity upon his face, staring at the railway metals where they curved out of the tunnel. Aldgate is a junction, and there was a network of points. On these his eager, questioning eyes were fixed, and I saw on his keen, alert face that tightening of the lips, that quiver of the nostrils, and concentration of the heavy, tufted brows which I knew so well.

"Points," he muttered, "the points."

"What of it? What do you mean?"

"I suppose there are no great number of points on a system such as this?"

"No, there are very few."

"And a curve, too. Points, and a curve. By Jove! if it were only so."

"What is it, Mr. Holmes? Have you a clue?"

"An idea—an indication, no more. But the case certainly grows in interest. Unique, perfectly unique, and yet why not? I do not see any indications of bleeding on the line."

"There were hardly any."

"But I understand that there was a considerable wound?"

"The bone was crushed, but there was no great external injury."

"And yet one would have expected some bleeding. Would it be possible for me to inspect the train which contained the passenger who heard the thud of a fall in the fog?"

"I fear not, Mr. Holmes. The train has been broken up before now, and the carriages redistributed."

"I can assure you, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade, "that every carriage has been carefully examined. I saw to it myself."

It was one of my friend's most obvious weaknesses that he was impatient with less alert intelligences than his own.

"Very likely," said he, turning away.

"As it happens, it was not the carriages which I desired to examine. Watson, we have done all we can here. We need not trouble you any further, Mr. Lestrade. I think our investigations must now carry us to Woolwich."

At London Bridge Holmes wrote a telegram to his brother, which he handed to me before despatching. It ran thus:

"See some light in the darkness, but it may possibly flicker out. Meanwhile please send by messenger to await return at Baker Street a complete list of all foreign spies or international agents known to be in England, with full address. SHERLOCK."

"That should be helpful, Watson," he remarked, as we took our seats in the Woolwich train. "We certainly owe brother Mycroft a debt for having introduced us to what promises to be a really very remarkable case."

His eager face still wore that expression of intense and high-strung energy which showed me that some novel and suggestive circumstance had opened up a stimulating line of thought. See the foxhound with hanging ears and drooping tail as it lolls about the kennels, and compare it with the same hound as with gleaming eyes and straining muscles it runs upon a breast-high scent—such was the change in Holmes since the morning. He was a different man to the limp and lounging figure in the mouse-colored dressing-gown who had prowled so restlessly only a few hours before round the fog-girt room.

"There is material here. There is scope," said he. "I am dull indeed not to have understood its possibilities."

"Even now they are dark to me."

"The end is dark to me also, but I have hold of one idea which may lead us far. The man met his death elsewhere, and his body was on the roof of a carriage."

"On the roof?"

"Remarkable, is it not? But consider the facts. Is it a coincidence that it is found at the very point where the train pitches and sways as it comes round on the

points? Is not that the place where an object on the roof might be expected to fall off? The points would affect no object inside the train. Either the body fell from the roof or a very curious coincidence has occurred. But now, consider the question of the blood. Of course, there was no bleeding on the line if the body had bled elsewhere. Each fact is suggestive in itself. Together they have a cumulative force."

"And the ticket, too," I cried.

"Exactly. We could not explain the absence of a ticket. This would explain it. Everything fits together."

"But suppose it were so, we are still as far as ever from unraveling the mystery of his death—indeed, it becomes not simpler but stranger."

"Perhaps," said Holmes, thoughtfully, "perhaps." He relapsed into a silent reverie, which lasted until the slow train drew up at last in the Woolwich Station. There he called a cab and drew Mycroft's paper from his pocket.

"We have quite a little round of afternoon calls to make," said he. "I think that Sir James Walter claims our first attention."

The house of the famous official was a fine villa with green lawns stretching down to the Thames. As we reached it the fog was lifting, and a thin, watery sunshine was breaking through. A butler answered our ring.

"Sir James, sir!" said he with solemn face. "Sir James died this morning."

"Good heavens!" cried Holmes, in amazement. "How did he die?"

"Perhaps you would care to step in, sir, and see his brother, Colonel Valentine."

"Yes, we had best do so."

We were ushered into a dim-lit drawing-room, where an instant later we were joined by a very tall, handsome, light-bearded man of fifty, the younger brother of the dead scientist. His wild eyes, stained cheeks, and unkempt hair all spoke of the sudden blow which had fallen upon the household. He was hardly articulate as he spoke of it.

question to the future. Now we shall turn to the Cadogan Wests."

A small but well-kept house in the outskirts of the town sheltered the bereaved mother. The old lady was too dazed with grief to be of any use to us, but at her side was a white-faced young lady, who introduced herself as Miss Violet Westbury, the fiancée of the dead man, and the last to see him on that fatal night.

"I can not explain it, Mr. Holmes," she said. "I have not shut an eye since the tragedy, thinking, thinking, thinking, night and day, what the true meaning of it can be. Arthur was the most single-minded, chivalrous, patriotic man upon earth. He would have cut his right hand off before he would sell a state secret confided to his keeping. It is absurd, impossible, preposterous to any one who knew him."

"But the facts, Miss Westbury?"

"Yes, yes, I admit I can not explain them."

"Was he in any want of money?"

"No, his needs were very simple, and his salary ample. He had saved a few hundreds, and we were to marry at the New Year."

"No signs of any mental excitement? Come, Miss Westbury, be absolutely frank with us."

The quick eye of my companion had noted some change in her manner. She colored and hesitated.

"Yes," she said, at last. "I had a feeling that there was something on his mind."

"For long?"

"Only for the last week or so. He was thoughtful and worried. Once I pressed him about it. He admitted that there was something, and that it was concerned with his official life. 'It is too serious for me to speak about, even to you,' said he. I could get nothing more."

Holmes looked grave.

"Go on, Miss Westbury. Even if it seems to tell against him, go on. We can not say what it may lead to."

"Indeed, I have nothing more to tell. Once or twice it seemed to me that he was on the point of telling me something. He spoke one evening of the importance of the secret, and I have some recollection that he said that no doubt foreign spies would pay a great deal to have it."

My friend's face grew graver still.

"Anything else?"

"He said that we were slack about such matters. That it would be easy for a traitor to get the plans."

"Was it only recently that he made such remarks?"

"Yes, quite recently."

"Now, tell us of that last evening."

"We were to go to the theater. The fog was so thick that a cab was useless. We walked and our way took us close to the office. Suddenly he darted away into the fog."

"Without a word?"

"He gave an exclamation. That was all. I waited, but he never returned. Then I walked home. Next morning after the office opened they came to inquire. About twelve o'clock we heard the terrible news. Oh, Mr. Holmes, if you could only, only save his honor. It was so much to him."

Holmes shook his head sadly.

"Come, Watson," said he, "our ways lie elsewhere. Our next station must be the office from which the papers were taken."

"It was black enough before against this young man, but our inquiries make it blacker," he remarked, as the cab lumbered off. "His coming marriage gives a motive for the crime. He naturally wanted money. The idea was in his head since he spoke about it. He nearly made the girl an accomplice in the treason by telling her his plans. It is all very bad."

"But surely, Holmes, character goes for something? Then again, why should he leave the girl in the street and dart away to commit a felony?"

"Exactly! There are certainly objections. But it is a formidable case which they have to meet."

Mr. Sidney Johnson, the senior clerk, met us at the office, and received us with that respect which my companion's card always commanded. He was a thin, gruff, spectacled man of middle age, his cheeks haggard and his hands twitching from the nervous strain to which he had been subjected.

"It is bad, Mr. Holmes, very bad! Have you heard of the death of the Chief?"

"We have just come from his house."

"The place is disorganized. The Chief dead, Cadogan West dead, our papers stolen. And yet, when we closed our door on Monday evening we were as efficient an office as any in the Government service. Good God, it's dreadful to think of! That West, of all men, should have done such a thing!"

"You are sure of his guilt, then?"

"I can see no other way out of it. And yet, I would have trusted him as I trust myself."

"At what hour was the office closed on Monday?"

"At five."

"Did you close it?"

"I am always the last man out."

"Where were the plans?"

"In that safe. I put them there myself."

"Is there no watchman to the building?"

"There is, but he has other departments to look after as well. He is an old soldier and a most trustworthy



"Yes," she said, "I had a feeling there was something on his mind."

"It was this horrible scandal," said he. "My brother, Sir James, was a man of very sensitive honor, and he could not survive such an affair. It broke his heart. He was always so proud of the efficiency of his department, and this was a crushing blow."

"We had hoped that he might have given us some indications which would have helped us to clear the matter up."

"I assure you that it was all a mystery to him, as it is to you and to all of us. He had already put all his knowledge at the disposal of the police. Naturally, he had no doubt that Cadogan West was guilty. But all the rest was inconceivable."

"You can not throw any new light upon the affair?"

"I know nothing myself save what I have read or heard. I have no desire to be discourteous, but you can understand, Mr. Holmes, that we are much disturbed at present, and I must ask you to hasten this interview to an end."

"This is indeed an unexpected development," said my friend when we had regained the cab. "I wonder if the death was natural, or whether the poor old fellow killed himself. If the latter, may it be taken as some sign of self-reproach for duty neglected? We must leave that

man. He saw nothing that evening. Of course the fog was very thick."

"Suppose that Cadogan West wished to make his way into the building after hours, he would need three keys, would he not, before he could reach the papers?"

"Yes, he would. The key of the outer door, the key of the office, and the key of the safe."

"Only Sir James Walter and you had those keys?"

"I had no keys of the doors—only of the safe."

"Was Sir James a man who was orderly in his habits?"

"Yes, I think he was. I know that so far as those three keys are concerned he kept them on the same ring. I have often seen them there."

"And that ring went with him to London?"

"He said so."

"And your key never left your possession?"

"Never."

"Then West, if he is the culprit, must have had a duplicate. And yet none was found upon his body. One other point; if a clerk in this office desired to sell the plans, would it not be simpler to copy the plans for himself than to take the originals, as was actually done?"

"It would take considerable technical knowledge to copy the plans in an effective way."

"But I suppose either Sir James, or you, or West had that technical knowledge?"

"No doubt we had, but I beg you won't try to drag me into the matter, Mr. Holmes. What is the use of our speculating in this way when the original plans were actually found on West?"

"Well, it is certainly singular that he should run the risk of taking originals if he could safely have taken copies which would have equally served his turn."

"Singular, no doubt—and yet he did so."

"Every inquiry in this case reveals something inexplicable. Now there are three papers still missing. They are, as I understand, the vital ones?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Do you mean to say that any one holding these three papers, and without the seven others, could construct a Bruce-Partington submarine?"

"I reported to that effect to the Admiralty. But today I have been over the drawings again, and I am not so sure of it. The double valves with the automatic self-adjusting slots are drawn in one of the papers, which have been returned. Until the foreigners had invented that for themselves they could not make the boat. Of course, they might soon get over the difficulty."

"But the three missing drawings are the most important?"

"Undoubtedly."

"I think with your permission I will now take a stroll round the premises. I do not recall any other question."

He examined the lock of the safe, the door of the room, and finally the iron shutters of the window. It was only when we were on the lawn outside that his interest was strongly excited. There was a laurel bush outside the window, and several of the branches bore signs of having been twisted or snapped. He examined them carefully with his lens, and then bent over some dim and vague marks upon the earth beneath. Finally he asked the chief clerk to close the iron shutters, and he pointed out to me that they hardly met in the center, and that it would be possible for any one outside to see what was going on within the room.

"The indications are ruined by the three days' delay. They may mean something or nothing. Well, Watson, I do not think that Woolwich can help us further. It is a small crop which we have gathered. Let us see if we can do better in London."

Yet we added one more sheaf to our harvest before we left Woolwich Station. The clerk in the ticket office was able to say with confidence that he saw Cadogan West—whom he knew well by sight—on the Monday night, and that he went to London by the 8.15 to London Bridge. He was alone, and took a single third-class ticket. The clerk was struck at the time by his excited and nervous manner. So shaky was he that he could hardly pick up his change, and the clerk had helped him with it. A reference to a time-table showed that the 8.15 was the first train which it was possible for West to take after he had left the lady about 7.30.

"Let us reconstruct, Watson," said Holmes, after half an hour of silence. "I am not aware that in all our joint researches we have ever had a case which was more difficult to get at. Every fresh advance which we make only reveals a fresh ridge beyond. And yet we have surely made some appreciable progress."

"The effect of our inquiries at Woolwich has in the main been against young Cadogan West, but the indications at the window would lend themselves to a more favorable hypothesis. Let us suppose, for example, that he had been approached by some foreign agent. It might have been done under such pledges as would have prevented him from speaking of it, and yet would have affected his thoughts in the direction indicated by his remarks to his fiancée. Very good. We will now suppose that as he went to the theater with the young lady he suddenly, in the fog, caught a glimpse of this

same agent going in the direction of the office. He was an impetuous man, quick in his decisions. Everything gave way to his duty. He followed the man, reached the window, saw the abstraction of the documents, and pursued the thief. In this way we get over the objection that no one would take originals when he could make copies. This outsider had to take originals. So far it holds together."

"What is the next step?"

"Then we come into difficulties. One would imagine that under such circumstances the first act of young Cadogan West would be to seize the villain and raise the alarm. Why did he not do so? Could it have been an official superior who took the papers? That would explain West's conduct. Or could the thief have given West the slip in the fog, and West started at once to London to head him off from his own rooms, presuming that he knew where the rooms were? The call must have been very pressing, since he left his girl standing in the fog and made no effort to communicate with her. Our scent runs cold here, and there is a vast gap between either hypothesis and the laying of West's body with seven papers in his pocket on the roof of a Metropolitan train. My instinct now is to work from the other end. If Mycroft has given us the list of addresses, we may be able to pick our man, and follow two tracks instead of one."

SURELY enough a note awaited us at Baker Street. A Government messenger had brought it post haste. Holmes glanced at it and threw it over to me.

"There are numerous small fry, but few who would handle so big an affair. The only men worth considering are Adolph Meyer of 13 Great George Street, Westminster; Louis la Rothière of Campden Mansions, Notting Hill, and Hugo Oberstein, 13 Caulfield Gardens, Kensington. The latter was known to be in town on Monday, and is now reported as having left. Glad to hear that you have seen some light. The Cabinet awaits your final report with the utmost anxiety. Urgent representations have arrived from the very highest quarter. The whole force of the state is at your back if you should need it. MYCROFT."

"I'm afraid," said Holmes, smiling, "that all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can not avail in this matter." He had spread out his big map of London, and leaned eagerly over it. "Well, well," said he presently, with an earnest exclamation of satisfaction, "things are turning a little in our direction at last. Why, Watson, I do honestly believe that we are going to pull it off after all." He slapped me on the shoulder with a sudden burst of hilarity. "I am going out now. It is only a reconnaissance. I will do nothing serious without my trusty comrade and biographer at my elbow. Do you stay here, and the odds are that you will see me again in an hour or two. If time hangs heavy, get foolscap and a pen, and begin your narrative of how we saved the state."

I felt some reflection of his elation in my own mind, for I knew well that he would not depart so far from his usual austerity of demeanor unless there was good cause for exultation. All the long November evening I waited, filled with impatience for his return. At last, shortly after nine o'clock, there arrived a messenger with a note:

"Am dining at Goldin's restaurant, Gloucester Road, Kensington. Please come at once and join me there. Bring with you a jimmy, a dark lantern, a chisel, S. H." and a revolver.

It was a nice equipment for a respectable citizen to carry through the dim, fog-draped streets. I stowed them all discreetly away in my overcoat, and drove straight to the address given. There sat my friend at a little round table near the door of the garish Italian restaurant.

"Have you had something to eat? Then join me in a coffee and curacoa. Try one of the proprietor's cigars. They are less poisonous than one would expect. Have you the tools?"

"They are here in my overcoat."

"Excellent. Let me give you a short sketch of what I have done, with some indication of what we are about to do. Now it must be evident to you, Watson, that this young man's body was placed on the roof of the train. That was clear from the instant that I determined the fact that it was from the roof and not from a compartment that he had fallen."

"Could it not have been dropped from a bridge?"

"I should say it was impossible. If you examine the roofs you will find that they are slightly rounded, and there is no railing round them. A dropped body would bound off. Therefore we can say for certain that young Cadogan West was placed on it."

"How could he be placed there?"

"That was the question which we had to answer. There is only one possible way. You are aware that the Underground runs clear of tunnels at some points in the West End. I had a vague memory that as I have traveled by it I have occasionally seen windows just above my head. Now suppose that a train halted under such a window, would there be any difficulty in laying a body upon the roof?"

"It seems most improbable."

"We must fall back upon the old axiom that when all other contingencies fail, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Here all other contingencies have failed. When I found that the leading international agent, who had just left London, lived in a row of houses which abutted upon the Underground, I was so pleased that you were a little astonished at my sudden frivolity."

"Oh, that was it, was it?"

"Yes, that was it. Mr. Hugo Oberstein of 13 Caulfield Gardens had become my objective. I began my operations at the Gloucester Road Station where a very helpful official walked with me along the track, and allowed me to satisfy myself not only that the back stair windows of Caulfield Gardens open on the line, but the even more essential fact that owing to the intersection of one of the larger railways the Underground trains are frequently held motionless for some minutes at that very spot."

"Splendid, Holmes! You have got it!"

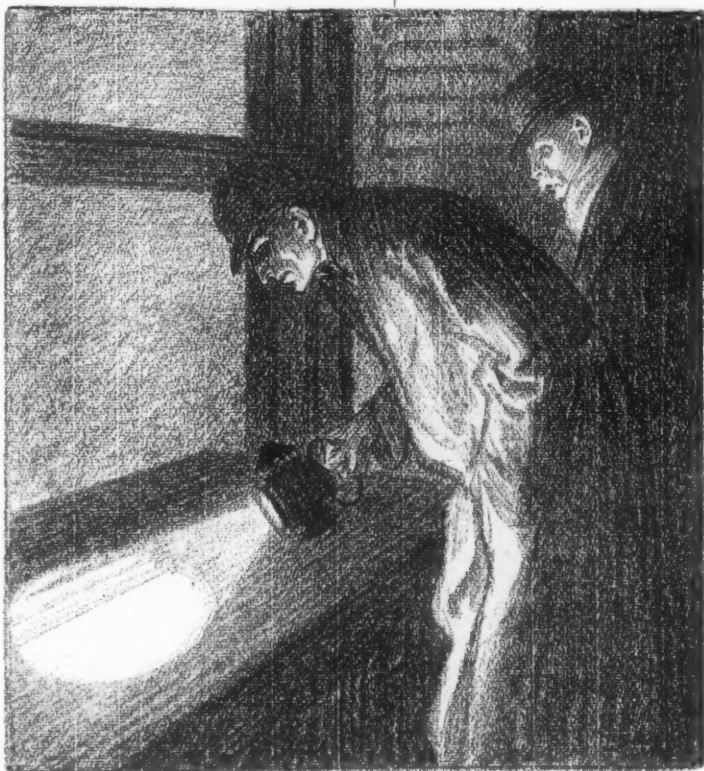
"So far—so far, Watson. We advance, but the goal is afar. Well, having seen the back of Caulfield Gardens, I visited the front and satisfied myself that the bird was indeed down. It is a considerable house, unfurnished, so far as I could judge, in the upper rooms. Oberstein lived there with a single valet, who was probably a confederate entirely in his confidence. We must bear in mind that Oberstein has gone to the Continent to dispose of his booty, but not with any idea of flight, for he had no reason to fear a warrant, and the idea of an amateur domiciliary visit would certainly never occur to him. Yet that is precisely what we are about to make."

"Could we not get a warrant and legalize it?"

"Hardly on the evidence."

"What can we hope to do?"

"We can not tell what correspondence may be there."



Holmes swept his light along the window-sill

"I don't like it, Holmes."

"My dear fellow, you shall keep watch in the street. I'll do the criminal part. It's not a time to stick at trifles. Think of Mycroft's note, of the Admiralty, the Cabinet, the exalted Person who waits for news. We are bound to go."

My answer was to rise from the table.

"You are right, Holmes. We are bound to go."

He sprang up and shook me by the hand.

"I knew you would not shrink at the last," said he, and for a moment I saw something in his eyes which was nearer to tenderness than I had ever seen. The next instant he was his masterful, practical self once more.

(Continued on page 23)

SAN FRANCISCO, November 29, 1908
To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY who do not believe in Hon. Sandy Claws because he got deceptive expression of Hon. Andy Carnegie & do porch-lifting by darkness & should be jailed up because they aint no such person,

SWEATHEARTED MR.:—

DEC. 25 are devote to making Other People Happy. Not is? And April 1 are do vote to making Other People Miserable. Aint so? Then why should Christians prepare for Christmas with groans of voice and for April Foolish Day with giggly mirth of broncho-tubes? Why should it? I ask to know.

Cousin Nogi say "Both days is sacred festivals & full of practickle jokes."

Rev. Hon. Mr. Chillworthy say, "Do unto others first before they gets a chance to do unto you."

These is smart quotations, but what do they mean?

About ten days of yore Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, averdeposed lady of sofa appearance, come-me to kitchen where I was assisting stove to burn coal. Charitable expression over her entire face. She would be a Angel, only it would require too much horse-power to make her fly.

"I feel like a Mary Christmas already," she answer me for revoke.

"Only magazines is permitted to say Mary Christmas 1 month ahead," I chatter.

"And yet it are in air," she delineate. "When Christmas approach all rich persons should feel happy."

"Why should this be a laughing date for rich persons?" are revel for me.

"Because on Christmas deserving rich can give things to deserving poor," she clabber.

"Can not they give things to poor persons on other dates?" are brite thought I toss.

"It are un-stylish to do so," are sharp report for her.

"Do it make rich persons have joyish feeling to give Christmas goods to them Hon. Poverities?" I ask to know.

"O extasy & rapture!" she generate. "Quite well," I otter. "Then Hon.

Congress should establish it by law so Christmas would arrive once per weekly instead of once per yearly as now do. Thusly rich persons would be happy all-time by doing give-away work; poor persons would be glad to share their happiness. Honest paper-hangman out of work could remain so and not care. Eech Monday he could obtain free dine of turkey & jamberry sauce, also package of extra dry goods; Tuesday this Hon. Turkey could be hashed for nourishment; Wed & Thu soup could result from bones; then come Friday & honest loafing-man could take that Christmas dry-goods to pawn-ticket office. Cash-loan for hock. Soonly working-man would not need to do so. If Christmas arrived eech Monday poverty would quickly be bolished and—"

"Togo," dib Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, "you are talking garbage! If poverty was completely bolished what entertainment would rich persons get by giving money to poor?"

I am duzzled by such Christian arguments.

"Then do Christmas Spirit depend on Hon. Poverty to keep it lit-up?" I appetize.

"Suppose-so it do," chop off Hon. Lusy.

"But are not Hon. Poverty a curse?" I hook out.

"Suppose-so it are," relapse her.

"Ah then!" I wreck. "This Hon. Christmas must be a pretty sinful entertainment if it depend on a curse to keep it joyful."

Mrs. Lusy Macdonald walk away inside her skirt.

Last night while I was tasking on back porch with broom this lady Angel again come to kitchen for remind Cook about her slugged brain. She wear a widow-look appropriate for funerals.

"High Hon. Mrs. Boss," I say-it, "why you become more sadder by eech day?"

"By eech day Hon. Mary Christmas are more nearer," she say-it for sub & si.

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

IIII—Do I Believe in Sandy Claws?

By Hashimura Togo

"You should think of that with smiling ears," I tell-it. "Are it not somewhat sweet & humorous to know how you are going to make Other People Happy?"

"Making Other People Happy are a deliciously heart-broke job," she nag. "Already I have spent \$780, and who knows what?"

"Will this be cut into presents for deserving poor?" I require.

"Somewhat slightly," she marmor deceptively. "Might you care for look at collection of goods I got for Christmas surprise?"

I appear willing to do so & follow her to attic room where large pile of hideous Christmas are clumped together.

She show me one rare Japanese skreen of Chicago manufacture broided with huckle-dock bushes & lame swans, price \$160.

"How you like this tasty break-a-brack?" she ask-it.

"It look quite unnatural," I emit. "Who must recieve it?"

"Deary Aunt Jane who give me one demented hand-splashed jug last Christmas. When it was broke I wep for joy."

"It are more pleasant to give than to recieve," I fabber.

She show me one silver milk-bottle of important expression.

"This for Baby Ferguson, age 3 weeks," she otter.

"Baby Ferguson are too young to care for such expensive gifts," I snug-gest.

"His parents are not," reject Mrs. Macdonald.

Henry which would insult his roomatism; fish & game set for dear school-frend, Mrs. Phillip, who is a vegetarian; & 10 entire pairs slippers for Cousin Benjamin who must be a centipede. For Mrs. Jackson, her ½ Sister, cromo-scene from English life with foxy red coats.

"Many homes will become briter for such gifts," I say with cheers. "Are



Tap-toe to mantel-piece—& WHAT-DO!



"It look quite unnatural," I emit. "Who must recieve it?"

She show me one pinky-top piano-lamp of Merry Widow trimming.

"How you care for that?" she ask-it. "Such a lamp would be noticed in any company," I hasp.

"That for Cousin Sadie. It would look entirely fancy with her purpal wall-paper."

Added to this she show me 1 missionary oak uneasy chair for Uncle

all these persons Deserving Povers?"

"Ah no!" she say-it. "Them gifts is for Deserving Riches. Here are bundle I have gathered for Worthy Poverities."

And she show me 1 delicious landry bag filled of following sorted treasures:

6 female coats, slightly wore, but warm in places.

13 unmarried shoes with sloped heels.

3 derby hats with axidents on brim.

Underworn garments. Many other useful gifts which are no longer so.

3 pants property of dead Macdonald who had lived some years in them.

43 Xmas cards, price 1c, of nervous colors & motto "Give & Forgive."

"Sweethearted Mrs. Madam," I renig.

"when Hon. Paupers seen them presents they will not grow greedish, & came round for more."

"Moreover, there are nothing in them presents to encourage Socialism," she magnitize.

"Ah should say not is!" are toast from me. "If Hon. Blue-jean V. Debs could see such a package he would no longer believe in 'general distribution of wealth.'"

With such sweethearted ladies Christmas are a innocent pleasure.

EDITOR, I are pessimons about Christmas gifts because I have been a heathen in America for 3 years & seen some of it. Last year I pay 25c to go see Christmas tree in Asiatick Church which Hon. Rev. Mr. Chillworthy done. When

I seen that Tree I feel less Christian than formerly. When I recieve for gift 1 neckly-tie, price 15c, I become a pretty solid heathen.

Uncle Nichi, who are old & unexperienced, say he will go to Salvation Army turk dinner this Dec. 25.

"Are you not too pride to accept charity jamberry sauce with hoboed persons?" I ask-it.

"While doing so I get good chanet to study America."

"How you get chanet to study America at Salvation Dinner?" I require.

"Didn't I not come to America to study free institutions—and are not Salvation Dinner a free institution?" reject my Ancestor with vacant lot expression.

I am beswitched.

Following jangly-poem to show how sinickal I feel about Sandy Claws who must be someone else:

Poem Wrote Upon Seeing a Oldy Person with Sack Going Up My Fire Escape on Christmas Eve

Happy, Happy Christmas
For Japanese Boy setting by bureau at
Patriots of Japan Board & Lodg-
ing reading Random Robberies of
Jno. D. Rockefeller & hoping to
learn how,

When O!!
Of suddenly!!!

Shorty gentleman of egg-shape in figure
& whiskers

Make descend by fire-escape.

My sakes!

Why are Hon. Andy Carnegie with
whiskers

Comeing to see Japanese Schoolboy
At such unseemed hour of night?

Ah!

It must be Hon. Sandy Claws
To do such smart trix

By lamplight of Xmas Eav.

More nearer approach that chuckly
small man

With sack to shoulder
And Japanese Boy

Begin to believe in fairies.

Jingly-jangly Xmas bell!
Pretty soonly that oldy man

With sack & whiskers,
Arrive to window where Japanese Boy
are setting

With glad feel of heart,
Because he are going to get something
without working for it.

So he hide self behind bureau
So Hon. Sandy Claws

Won't not feel bash or nervous
About leaving them valued gifts what
he got in sack to price of any
amount and maybe order for new
suit of clothes, jewels, etc.

Which would be welcome.

Hon. Sandy Claws

Arrive in window & look very sneekret
Above them whiskers.

He remove sack from shoulder,
Tap-toe to mantel-piece—
& WHAT-DO!

He remove larm-clock, he remove scarf-
pin, portrait of my Uncle Nichi,
xtra derby-hat I value, rug from
floor, pen-knife of purt. 35c wealth
I own—

All them property of mine he remove
from room

And put in that darn sack

And O!

He depart off, down fire-escape
Without leaving 1 entire Xmas present
For Japanese Boy who believe in fairies.

With skreem, with shreech
I merge from bureau

And holla from window-case
"Burglary by Sandy Claws!"

O Hon. Police,

Awake & came for jail-waggon!!"

But Hon. Police remain resting in same
altitude,

& all I got was voice-exercise.

Blow, blow, Xmas whistles!

Nex time I see oldy man with light
whisker

Approaching down fire-escape with sack,
I shall telephone to Sunday "Times."

LOST—

Will burglary-man

Disguised like Sandy Claws with chin-
puffs

Please return merchandise he took-away
And recieve reward of 1 jiu-jitsu
Which are coming to him."

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.



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"The Strang

Painted by Frederic Remington



Stranger"

Deric Remington

In the old days when Indians and marauding white men were common on the plains it was considered good judgment when approaching a camp at night to announce oneself, as a stealthy approach was apt to invite an investigating bullet

Samaritans Unsung

A Chronicle of Adventure in New York on a Rainy Afternoon

By Arthur Ruhl

SEVENTEEN minutes after three o'clock on a rainy afternoon—a New York rainy afternoon in Sixth Avenue under the elevated! The soggy sky seems to have fallen down about the city like a collapsed tent. The air is a sort of dripping smoke splashed with greenish-yellow blurs from the department-store windows. The gutters are rivers. Cabs, trucks, horses, policemen, are locked, grinding and cursing, at every corner. The trolley-cars—jammed with bedraggled humans, dripping, muddy, exhaling steamy odors of rubber and damp leather—jerk forward only to stop again with brakes that shriek like tortured fiends.

Mr. Everett Shinn would paint you an entrancing picture of such a scene—the bent, hurrying shoppers (one struggling quaintly with an umbrella which an impish gust of wind blows inside out as he comes round the corner), the blown skirts, the drip from everything, the turgid, yellow-greenish, fascinating gloom. It is pleasanter to see such a picture than to be one. Suppose you were one of the crowd—a stranger in the gates, a drummer who has made his rounds, an actor out of a job, one of the army of fagged women emerging from the stifling, soap-scented air of some bargain battleground, arms full of parcels, hair awry, trading stamps hopelessly gummed together in her crowded pocket-book.



"Five Feet of Comic Opera"

The exhilaration imparted by the cup of chocolate and the marked-down éclair picked up on the way from the linen department to carpets-rugs-porters—curtain-rings—curtains is dying, yet dinner is hours away. It is too late for the matinee, yet too early for tea. Behind, the fretful hours of bargaining; in front, the cold and melancholy winter rain—the hopeless, insurmountable rain of the sagging afternoon.

It was with at least vicarious participation in some such state of mind as this that I embarked on a Sixth Avenue train at Eighteenth Street the other day and found myself a few minutes later in a balcony box in the Lincoln Square Theater, agreeably entrenched behind two large ladies in white shirt-waists, who genially twisted their chairs and slanted their heads so that I might see. It was the charmed hour for vaudeville—that warm, bright, sachet-powder-and-caramel-scented Lethe from reality and the dripping skies. To the right was a vast array of shirt-waists—punctuated with occasional coats—and faces, eager, smiling, and a little wistful; the faces of those who had come, not merely to look at each other, at the stage a little, and pass the time between an elaborate dinner and an indigestible supper, but as animals huddled together to meet a storm, as humans hungry to be cheered, to laugh and forget in each other's company. On the stage a little lady was doing a turn called "Five Feet of Comic Opera."

In Spite of the Rain

THE first feeling I had was that of sympathy for Miss Grace Hazard, for having seen her before and being convinced that she must be in as bad a humor as the rest of us, it seemed that it must be the acutest form of torture to be obliged to repeat that rather simpering, saccharine act over and over again, whether one wanted to or not. Before she left the stage it seemed to me that she ought to be one of the most contented citizens in the Republic.

She is a little lady with a turned-up nose, a wide, cheerful smile, and dainty ways. Her act consists in singing favorite songs from the old comic operas, changing her costume as she changes the song by magically taking something off or turning something inside out and prefacing each change by telling the audience, in the awe-struck sing-song of a little girl, something like this:

"Not for the world—would I—deceive,
For here's the coat—right—in—my—sleeve!
Another change before I go.
My! What is this? But a chapeau!"

You should have heard the little breezes of amusement and surprise blow across the audience as each costume, like a thin husk, came off and disclosed another one. Even the basket of flowers which the usher brought up concealed plaids and a Glengarry into which she slipped with a "Great Scott! Well—I'll—be—kilt!" and sang the Merry Miller's song from "Rob Roy." Who knows what happy memories were

hidden beneath the murmur that went through the house as she stepped into the spotlight and sang: "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls!"

Marble Halls

THE tension of the day's clinging sordidness broke as it breaks at the hurdy-gurdy's song or when the man with the little piece of bent tin between his teeth whistles divinely above the roar of the street. All these humans, each enmeshed in his individual chain of circumstance, were for the moment released. They loved the song and they loved the bright little figure with the turned-up nose and wide, cheerful smile—and they loved each other. Miss Hazard may have felt the gloomy weather, too, but all the same I think she ought to have been pretty well contented. What she did is not often done even by the solemnest and most pretentious art.

Vaudeville resembles the circus. You like it partly because you never know what is coming next and partly because you not only do know what is coming next, but you know that it will be as exactly like what came last year or twenty years ago as one baby or one Christmas is like another. Observe, for instance, Mr. Oswald Williams, the "superb and unapproachable illusionist," who next appears. You think you are amused because you see through the trick or it is new, because the chest into which he is locked, after being hauled half-way to the ceiling, crumbles up at a pistol-shot into a bit of cloth while Mr. Magician calmly appears from off stage as though he had never climbed into the chest at all. But what really amuses you and throws you into a sort of trance of peaceful delight is the way he sprints about in his soft-treading, patent-leather pumps, with little short, quick steps, as though he were a biograph picture, and taps things with his wand and smiles his uncanny smile and goes right on fooling you exactly as magicians have always done and as it would shock and completely distress you not to have them do. It is the same with the Two Romanos who follow and play trumpets in all sorts of extraordinary ways, Mr. Romano actually putting two



Illusive Mr. Williams

horns to his mouth at once and playing the air on one and the alto on another with the same split breath! That's all very well as far as it goes, but the really wonderful thing is the absolutely unhuman and mannikin-like smile which—as all such performers have done before them—they succeed in putting on their muscular and much-practised lips as they wet them preparatory to each toot and the look of apathy and even semi-asphyxiation which the athletic Mr. Romano is able to assume while playing alone, even though Mrs. Romano, by way of assisting the audience to appreciate his skill, is regarding him with awe-struck interest and enthusiasm.

"Hup!"

AND is it not the same with the equilibrist and tumblers?—so much so, indeed, that when Mr. George Spink introduces a parody of them in his musical sketch, "At the Country Club"—I believe we are at the Colonial now—you are ready to fall off your chair with delight, although he and the other man and the athletic-looking lady who helps them do nothing but say "Hup!" and walk with quick little steps and wave gracefully to the galleries and never turn any somersaults at all!

To a class depending more on individuality belong the monologue artists—Mr. Jim Thornton, for instance, and Mr. James Morton, the man who answers his own questions. Each has his peculiar knack, and it is often hard to analyze why some are funny and some are not, but it is safe to assume that the more solemn they appear the more amusing they are going to be. What more refreshing, after spinning intellectual cobwebs or trying to extract nourishment from some sawdust-stuffed "society" play, than to watch one of these gloomy gentlemen tramp down to the footlights in a buttoned-up frock coat, look straight at the balcony rail, and with severe lines drawn about his mouth and an undertaker's voice, chant:

"The waitress says to me: 'What'll you have—beef-steak or coffee?' H'm!"

"I says: 'Haven't you got anything else?'"

"Well, she brought me a plate of consommé. She

set it down on the table, and she says: 'It looks like rain, doesn't it?'"

"'It does,' I says, 'and it tastes like it, too.' H'm!"

"I was playing one-night stands with an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troupe out in Ohio. We had a fine company—a fine company. We carried a full band. We had to carry it—they were full all the time. H'm!"

"The public didn't seem to appreciate the show, though. Finally, one night, we had to call the performance off. The hounds refused to go on. They complained because the actors had eat up all their meat . . ." He finds it hard to get away. The audience calls him back again and again. Finally he stalks in time to a solemn march, turns about and stalks solemnly out, or is it the man-who-answers-his-own-questions who does that?—and the crowd laughs louder than ever.

There are people who become interesting on the vaudeville stage because of what they have done off it. As this is being written, you may see Miss Mabel Hite berate Mr. Mike Donlin for striking out just as contemporary tradition declares occasionally happens in the Donlin home circle when the distinguished right-fielder is off his game. The Fitzsimmons are visible, too, and you can see Mr. Bob Fitzsimmons punching—no, not Mrs. Fitzsimmons, but a bag, in something called "A Man's a Man for a' That." And possibly you can see, although I hope you can not, Mr. John J. Hayes advertising a pair of rubber heels and telling how he won the Marathon race. Perhaps he only consents to wear the heels in the newspaper advertisements. Nobody enjoys seeing our young athletes turn professionals, but it certainly would be harrowing to see so accomplished an athlete as Hayes running on his heels.

The American Theater—we shall return to the Lincoln Square in time for Harry Lauder—turned the other day from the depiction of the eternal struggle between beautiful cloak models and gentlemen with black mustaches to vaudeville, and the manager celebrated the event by honoring me with two aisle seats. To this happy chance I owe my first sight of Barnold's Dogs, although I understand that the experience unfortunately can not be viewed as a discovery.

Dog Stars

THE curtain rises on a miniature city street. There is a saloon, a policeman's signal-box, a police station, and other things. The trainer does not appear at all, and the dogs, dressed to represent various sorts of humans, march in on their hind legs and go about their business, especially that of patronizing the barroom, as if no one else were there. You should see the old lounge sitting up on his haunches beside the door, see him eye each newcomer inquiringly, then with the drollest look imaginable follow him in, emerge, presently, licking his chops with satisfaction, and again take his place to wait for the next victim. And especially you should see the astonishing animal who imitates a too genial citizen. With unrepentant grin he starts across the street, zig-zags uproariously, even falls and laboriously picks himself up, and finally, after several wild and incredibly human attempts, makes the lamp-post on the other side and clings to it. Then the monkey policeman comes along, turns in the alarm, the patrol-wagon drives up clanging, and the unhappy bacchanalian is haled to the station-house.

Imitations of drunken men are not perhaps the pleasantest things in the world, but this gifted animal performs his part with such reality, and he looks round toward the audience, panting, with such contagious good-humor; he is indeed such—if Mr. John Burroughs will permit me to say so—an artist that I think you not only would not be repelled, but would applaud with the rest and might almost want to invite Mr. Barnold's comedian out to dinner.



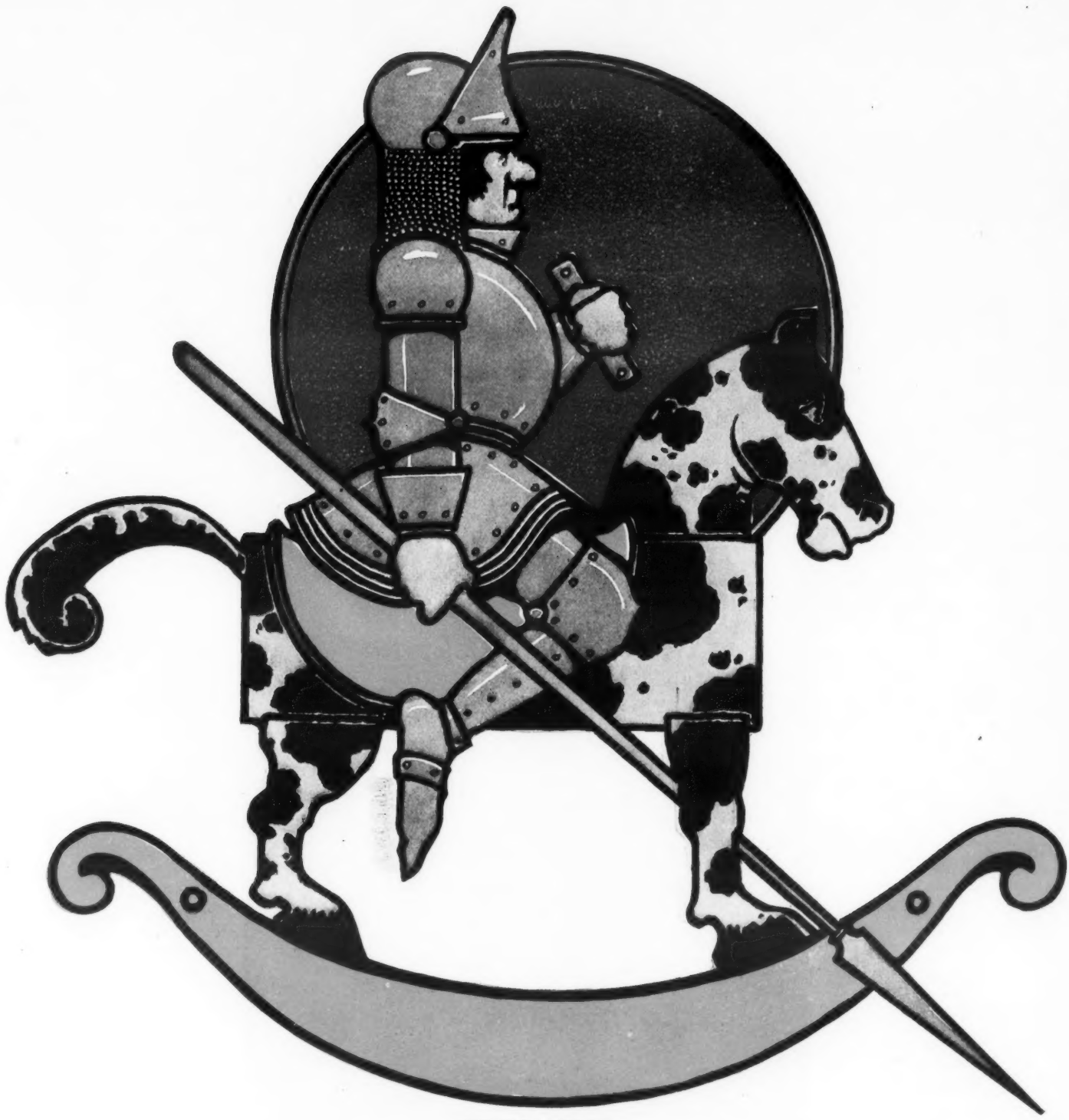
The Two Romanos

But what—however fancy may roam, the body is still ensconced in the upper left-hand box at the Lincoln Square—what are these unusual sounds from the orchestra? This thumping, marching rhythm, with a wailing, windy accompaniment, as it were supporting it and blowing it along? What but an orchestral adaptation of bagpipe music and—at last, at last! It's Harry Lauder!

(Continued on page 24)



"For she's my da-a-isy"



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The Knight

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish

T
 HUS clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first, with nimble, active force,
 He got on th' outside of his horse.
 Ay me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron!

—"Hudibras"

THEY were in the forty-ninth year of their honeymoon when they went to the great city to make a fortune, a home, friends. They were marooned by the years—left childless—grandchildless—so there was nothing to hold them in the village. And he had always cherished a dream of going one day to the city to make the fortune which had played will-o'-the-wisp for a half-century. It could be left to the Church, or to some African mission.

There were two wrenches; from old friends; from the old garden. The sound of cheery, choking good-byes, the scent of white violets struggling up through the snow pursued. But there would be a new garden and new friends to share it.

With Joseph Sayre they set up housekeeping in the Luella. It was modern, well-kept, of a pattern with hundreds of its class—those apartment buildings which atone for the lack of an elevator and hall service by Turkish rugs and a gas fireplace in the main corridor. Evening after evening the two sat down to their tea with the shades hospitably raised; for "there's no telling when somebody'll feel like dropping in," they said. They were on the second floor; passers-by could see. An up-to-date, be-patented gas-burner shone upon gold-bordered white china, upon thin sheaf-of-wheat spoons, upon silver cake basket heaped with golden slices of one-two-three-four cake.

The guest did not come.

The garden was under way. When they had found the place for it they feared there might be objections. The fear was not dispelled until the first of the month when a crisp young man rang their bell and inquired: "Did you want to see me?" Although she did not know him, Letitia replied: "Why, I'm just as glad as I can be to see you," and she had ushered him in and had begun to show him the center-table copy of the "Inferno" before he could make known his purpose. When they learned who he was they asked for and obtained the much-desired permission.

Letitia unpacked her white sunbonnet, and a broad straw hat of Stephen's, and every day the two worked peacefully in their little patch on the apartment building's roof, above the grimy, hurrying, clashing city. Four earth-filled boxes formed a hollow square; in the space was built a tiny summer-house. Phlox, nasturtiums, marigolds, a dozen other old favorites were planted, and, as they had done each year, they awaited the birth hour almost with trembling, finding the miracle ever new.

"I can hardly wait to know our new friends so's to bring them up here," Letitia said. "A garden wouldn't be a garden without others to share it." No visitor had ever left her village gate empty-handed while there remained a flower, a bit of delicate foliage, or a head of lettuce.

It was at this time that they made the first attempt to extend their acquaintance beyond the grocer, the butcher, the sea-food man, the janitress, and the crisp young agent. Joseph Sayre came barking to them one day; he led them to a window opening upon the court.

There they saw a matter of wonder. Ropes were swinging from the roof, a piano swayed in mid-air, en route to the lady above, who leaned anxiously from her window, calling out directions, fluting her pretty forehead, pointing, gesticulating.

Up, slowly, mounted the piano. Letitia and Stephen gazed wide-eyed, the lady leaned out in palpitating silence, even Joseph Sayre's barks succumbed to the expectant hush. The piano reached the window and hung still—it was so near that the lady might have put out her hands and played a little factasia—there was a sudden rush, a thumping, shrieks from above, oaths from below, a final terrible thud. The piano lay wrecked on the cement; beside it were some blue bits of shivered china and a moist something which had been lemon jelly.

"Poor soul!" cried Letitia. "I'm going right up there, Stephen. I'm afraid she's alone in her affliction."

"Ask her if I can't help some way," he responded eagerly.

Letitia ran upstairs and rang her neighbor's bell. The door was opened.

"I just came to—" began Letitia.

Flushed from excitement, the lady broke in: "I can't help your jelly being spoiled. I'm sorry it broke the bowl, but you shouldn't have left it on the window-sill. I'll return it as soon as I can. What is it to the loss of a piano, anyway?"

"Why, I had never thought of the jelly—" began Letitia, astounded. But the lady had hurried back to her window and did not hear. Again she was calling to the piano-movers.

Letitia was fairly dazed. She had been mistaken

for an earlier tenant by the overexcited lady, but she could not know that. "She thought I was angry about the jelly!" she gasped to Stephen. It was unbelievable. They talked it over and over, hurt and wondering. For a time they did not speak of their hoped-for new friends. But the day came when they pulled the first wee, snappy radishes, and the longing to share their pleasure was irresistible.

"I do like the looks of that lady below us, judging by the sound of her voice," said Letitia, who had made dumb-waiter observations. "I believe I'll just send her a little bunch down the dummy."

She tied the radishes like a bouquet with a bow of red ribbon, and the two waited until the grocer's boy summoned all the front-casts to their dumb-waiter.

"Is that the first-floor?" called Stephen.

"Yes," replied the lady below.

disadvantages as a drawing-room. None of the three knew what to say next.

"Well—hoping you'll come soon—good day," concluded Letitia.

"Good day," responded the lady, and the doors closed.

Letitia and Stephen did not know that she would forget them as soon as lunch was over. They were so much reassured by her pleasant words that they bore with fortitude a visit from the colored maid of the lady above. "She saay she don't know what kin' o' jayly 'twas, but she sayint strawba'ay," the maid said, proffering it in a blue bowl. She looked sharply at Mrs. Sayre. "Yo' a new tenant, ain't yo'?" she added irrelevantly.

Letitia refused the jelly with gentle dignity, explaining that she had merely wished to show sympathy. "I'm glad the lady below is more friendly," she said to Stephen, expecting her to drop in at any time.

Before long the early blossoms came trooping—portulacas, nasturtiums, lady's-slippers. Morning-glory vines raced to cover the bower.

"Seems wrong, though, not to share the flowers," they often said. They would like to see a child among them. At last Letitia donned the onyx breast-pin with pearl lilies-of-the-valley; summoned Joseph Sayre; and stepped across the hall to call upon the lady who had a little girl.

The little girl came to the door herself. She was visible only above the nose; the rest of her person was concealed behind the door. There seemed something antagonistic in the bristling of her scarlet bows.

"Mama isn't home," she said before Letitia could speak.

"Oh! You all alone, dear?"

"Yes."

"Why, you poor little soul! Aren't you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid to be alone. I'm afraid of strangers."

"To be sure, dear. Wa'n't it lucky I came before any strangers happened in! I'll take you up to my garden and you can pick—"

"I'm not allowed to talk to people I don't know," said the little girl, with a sort of vanity in the prohibition. Joseph Sayre thrust a nose into the apartment. The little girl screamed. "Specially dogs," she added. She slammed the door and Letitia could hear her feet pattering away.

In the village, children had not been warned against strangers where there were none to fear; Letitia could not understand. But a child had run from her!

When she laid her cheek against Stephen's shoulder she left the glint of a tear there. He patted vainly and at random, after the manner of man, and led her to sit in the arbor where she found comfort; after a light shower the sun was out and there were fragrances and twinkles and chirpings.

The companionship of the garden grew more to her as the days went on, for she felt a growing anxiety concerning "the investment." Stephen had drawn more and more from the bank; there was very little left but rosy "prospects."

Sunbonneted, with her trowel, she worked alone one morning while Stephen went to see the person who was attending to the investment. Presently a pretty girl came to the roof to dry her hair after a shampoo. Letitia rarely saw any one there but clothes-lining maids; it was with pleasure that she recognized a next-door neighbor.

The girl's hair shone like copper in the sun. When she piled it upon her little head Letitia could not resist—

"It's the most beautiful hair!" she exclaimed. "Do just let me stick some nasturtiums in it!" She set about thrusting blossoms in a wreath about the great coil while the girl laughed pleasantly.

"We had the nicest chat!" Letitia reported happily to Stephen. "And I asked her to drop in after tea and see us, and she said she would."

All the afternoon they prepared for the visit. Flowers were arranged, syllabub was made. The climax of the entertainment was to come when they should lead the young girl to the garden—to see it at its loveliest, at night, nestling up there fragrant and warm under the great bosom of sky.

By seven o'clock they expected her; half-past seven came, and eight. Then they heard a door open, and through the corridor outside passed the girl's merry voice with that of a young man. No more was heard of her. The disappointment was so keen that Letitia and Stephen did not speak of it at all.

Nevertheless, when the rhubarb came on, ruddy and succulent, and there was enough to make two pies, the human need seized them again.

"I just can't bear to be enjoying the products of our garden alone," Letitia said. "There's that nice-

Who Is My Neighbor?

A Long Road but a Sure to the Heart of a City Flat

By Sarah Comstock



But the day came when they pulled the first wee, snappy radishes, and the longing to share their pleasure was irresistible

"I'm sending you something on the top shelf," he said, and began to pull the rope with tremulous eagerness, Letitia clinging, bright-eyed, to his arm. It was as if they were playing Santa Claus and hiding to watch a child's delight.

The dumb-waiter halted. They heard the lady inquire: "Radishes?" Then: "Why, I didn't order radishes. I don't want them. Take them back."

The two turned to each other, puzzled. "Oh—she's got the voices mixed up," Stephen said, and called: "This isn't the grocer. It's Mrs. and Mr. Sayre, your neighbors. We pulled the radishes in our garden and we thought you'd enjoy them for a little treat."

"Oh!" said the lady. "I didn't understand. Thank you so much. It's very kind of you, I'm sure."

The two smiled now, overjoyed. Letitia thrust her head, too, into the shaft.

"We're so glad to share our garden, and we hope you and your husband'll drop in soon and be real neighborly," she called.

"Why, thank you, we should like to."

There was a pause. A dumb-waiter shaft has its

looking gentleman in the rear—his wife's an invalid, and he does look like the kind of man to appreciate a home-made pie."

She put on her bonnet. "Seems downright foolish when there can't possibly be any weather between their door and ours, but maybe we've been too informal for these city folks." Stephen opened the door for her; before he was seated she returned. Astonished, he drew her in; she was weeping violently, her tears running down upon the pale-gold crust of the pie which she still bore.

"Letitia! What is it, my dear?"

"It's no use, Stephen," she sobbed, sinking into a chair. "It's no u-u-use. We wa'n't made for this city life. They don't understand us, they don't want us. We might as well give up the idea of having neighbors."

"What happened, Letitia?"

She could hardly tell him. Finally he made it out. "The gentleman came to the door himself—and I said: 'Wouldn't you like a nice, home-made pie?' And he said: 'Every pie in New York is labeled 'Home-Made,' and we take of Cushing, anyhow.' I couldn't say anything right off, and then he shut the door with a 'Good afternoon.' He thought I'd come to sell it, Stephen—to sell it! It's no use. I'm never going near a neighbor again."

She did not realize that the bonnet had stamped her an outsider to the man's careless glance. She knew her neighbors by sight; why should they not know her? The stubborn determination of gentle, overwrought souls took possession of both Stephen and Letitia. The last straw of indifference and misunderstanding in those about them had done its work. A thing as trifling as a wreath of nasturtiums; a thing as homely as a pie-plant pie, represented a genuine tragedy—bitter, significant. Suddenly these two had come to realize their isolation, to feel themselves friendless in the rushing, tramping city, to see it hurrying on ruthlessly, absorbed in its own ends, leaving them forgotten and alone.

When some new neighbors moved into an apartment whose windows were only a few feet away across a narrow court, there were no attempts at making acquaintance, although the old lovers stole delightful peeps at the young ones—at "The Husband," long and aquiline, at "The Little Lady," mostly big dark eyes in an oval face. The peeps stolen in return were not discovered.

It was very hard for Letitia to deny her heart's promptings when the stork alighted at the Luella, bringing a lusty-lunged young patriot. As she lay awake in the hot, dreadful night, there arose suddenly the Young Patriot's first shout for his country. "Oh, Stephen, I don't believe there's any mother there!" she said, and she and Stephen fell on their knees in their lonely apartment and prayed, prayed, prayed for the Little Lady who needed a mother and for the Young Patriot.

Toward the end of September the inevitable happened. One morning while Stephen was downtown Letitia stirred her spiced peaches more slowly as calculations drew her thoughts from them; the feeling of misfortune grew; when Stephen came at last she felt no shock of surprise. She helped him to a chair. "There's you sit right down and rest and I'll bring you a little dandelion wine."

"Letitia—there's bad news."

"I know, dear, I know."

"It's all gone, Letitia."

"I know, dear. I just sensed it somehow. There, you'll feel better pretty soon."

His face sank into his cupped hands; his fingers were stiff, shaking. She sat down beside him, and, while Joseph Sayre thrust a jealous muzzle between them, they faced the future together.

The silver, some mahogany, the onyx breast-pin went for absurdly less than their value. The dealers scorned the rest of their "antiques." But the October rent was paid, and Stephen set out to find what they spoke of as "the niche": that place in the world of work which they felt must exist for him in this great city. "When two people are as young inside as we are it don't matter about the outside," they agreed.

The first of November found them without even enough to move to a cheaper apartment. They asked the crisp young man to wait, and Stephen redoubled his efforts to find the niche, while Letitia packed her precious stores—preserved strawberries, jam, and the rest—and carried them to the grocer. But what they brought only frightened the Wolf a bit. There were numerous shifts. When the advertisement, "Say 'Eeny-meeny-miny-mo' to your grocer," appeared, Letitia guessed the meaning and approached the grocer, saying firmly and gravely, though with a troubled conscience: "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo." At the magic words a box of breakfast food was placed in her hands. "It don't seem just the thing to do since they

give it away expecting you to buy more, but we will just's soon as he finds work," she told the conscience. She even sent postals for sample cans of cocoa and condensed milk; she made careful note of the name of each generous manufacturer, that she might return his courtesy later. And the last roof-grown cabbage helped out. But for this and the cheery blooms of the Thanksgiving rose, the tiny garden would have been barren now; its last leaves crackled, its summer-house, where the two had sat hidden by vines, was stark. But they made daily visits to the pink blossoms in the midst of the dead garden which they had so longed to share.

Landlords differ. A notice came—but Stephen was sure he would find the niche in a day or two—there were desperate, futile efforts—then, on the day before Thanksgiving, he and Letitia, coming from the roof,

few things together," Letitia ventured at last. Their ideas concerning their rights were very vague.

They entered. Mechanically they packed their satchels as if they were starting on a journey; Letitia caught her hands putting in the little pink sweeping-cap which she had worn on the trip to New York to keep out cinders. But at last they faced each other and asked: "Where?" Joseph Sayre again jumped against the door. They opened it and followed him forth.

AS THE Little Lady came from her apartment, a group standing before the Sayres' door caught her attention. "Is anything the matter?" she asked, although she knew none of the group.

"Yes. Enough's the matter with all of us," a tall, somber man replied, nodding gloomily.

A lady pointed to the notice. "Poor dear souls! And they may be on the Island now! Oh, I'm sure they're on the Island, and I never want to look a radish in the face again!" she burst out hysterically.

The Little Lady's eyes swung to the notice and her face went white. "Oh, that dear, dear old couple!" she cried. "Oh, why didn't I—" A great choke in her voice stopped her.

"Yes, why didn't we all?" commented the gloomily nodding man.

"You see they sent us some radishes from their little garden on the roof and asked us to call and we never did, and here they've been in need most likely and nobody to turn to," went on the lady from below in one hysterical breath.

"Our time's been so taken up," explained her husband.

"Taken up—yes," nodded the tall man.

"I'm so ashamed I never went near them to apologize," put in a small, nervous woman, fluting her forehead distractedly, just as she had done when her piano fell. "I treated her dreadfully—I was so excited I didn't know anything, and I took her for that complainer that used to live here—and since my maid told me of my mistake I've meant to go and apologize—but there's always a milliner to summon you to a fitting, or a new maid that can't speak anything but Danish, or those exercises I'm taking for relaxing the nerves—I have to stop every two hours to take them for twenty minutes, and I have to rush so afterward to make up for time lost—oh, I've been so rushed—"

"Rushed—yes," repeated the somber man.

A pretty young girl came up the stairs and paused, seeing the group. She was shown the notice.

"Those old people!" she exclaimed. "Why—" She paused, frowning, as recollection approached. "Why, I promised to go and see them one evening, and—why, that was the evening we went out for a peach sundae—and this is the first time I've thought of my engagement with that sweet old lady!"

"Gladys!" called another neighbor to a little girl who appeared at a door. "The old lady who came to see you is in trouble. Aren't you sorry, dear?" She turned to the others. "Mrs. Sayre, if that was her name, came to call one day when I was out, and I'm afraid Gladys seemed rude, but of course I have to instruct the child not to admit strangers. I've always meant to call and explain, for I suppose the old lady didn't understand city ways, but I've never gotten around to it. And she brought her dog, and I've often told Gladys that any strange dog may be mad."

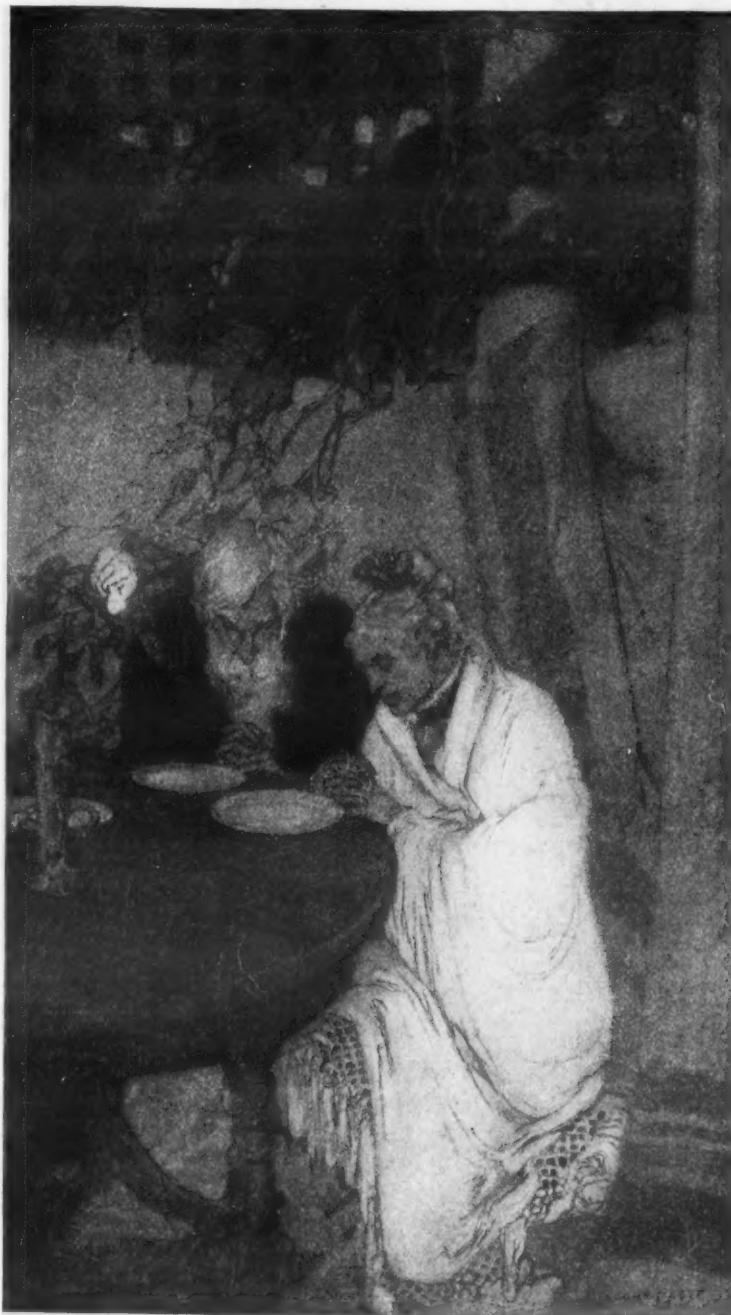
"He looked very mad," Gladys put in. Only an overtaught imagination could ever have brought such a charge against the sedate Joseph Sayre.

"Well, I wish I'd called and explained, anyway," concluded Gladys's mother.

The tall man spoke, with impressive gloom. "We've all been rushed—our time's been taken up—we've not gotten around to it," he said. "Weeks ago this next-door neighbor of mine came to my door with a pie. I dare say it was such a pie as I haven't had since the days when I caught mud-turtles and got peach-switched. I turned her away from my door, mistaking her for a pedler; if I'd ever shown any neighborliness myself maybe I'd be quicker to recognize it in others. I discovered my mistake soon after—as much as two months ago—and in those two months I haven't found time to stop at her door and beg her pardon." He paused, looking around at the group. "Have any of you ever met before?" he asked abruptly.

There was a shaking of heads.

"That's it—that's what life in a great city means," he broke forth. "It means that people can be born and can starve and can die in the midst of us—side by side with us—a matter of only a few feet away from us—and we don't know that anything is happening except our own selfish affairs. We ignore the claim of propinquity, and (Concluded on page 28)



In the stripped arbor . . . white and gold plates on the tiny rustic table . . . and their heads bowed

were checked sharply at their own door. There, in grinning black and white, hideous, cruel, was the familiar placard upon which hang so many of the city's tragedies. Their eyes were blurred until they could not reread the words; but the purport, gathered at a glance, smote them again and again. It seemed to shriek itself through the corridor—literally, they felt that they heard it, that it gaped like some gamin who rejoices in another's downfall. It uttered itself over and over, shrilly: "Dispossessed, Dispossessed, Dispossessed!"

Neither of them spoke. They sat down on the stairs and looked at the notice, at the floor, not at one another. Joseph Sayre jumped impatiently against the door, rattling the knob. It must have been a half-hour that they sat there; no one passed. Above, below, beside them were their neighbors, living their lives bustling, altogether ignorant of the trouble in their midst. Dumb-waiters went clattering upward laden with abundant food. New winter costumes were tried on. Behind each unbranded door was the buzz of smug prosperity.

"Perhaps we might go inside long enough to get a

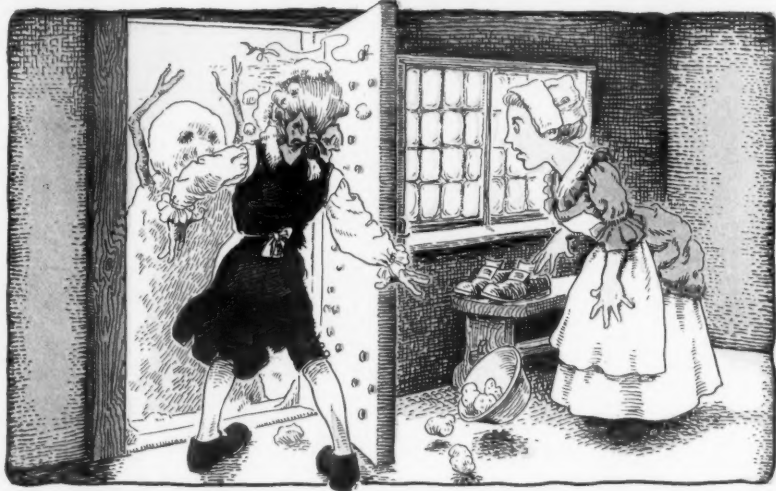
A Colonial Christmas

A Father's Passionate and All-Too-Hasty Anger—With the Subsequent Rescue and Restoral of Stricken Jack Slaughter



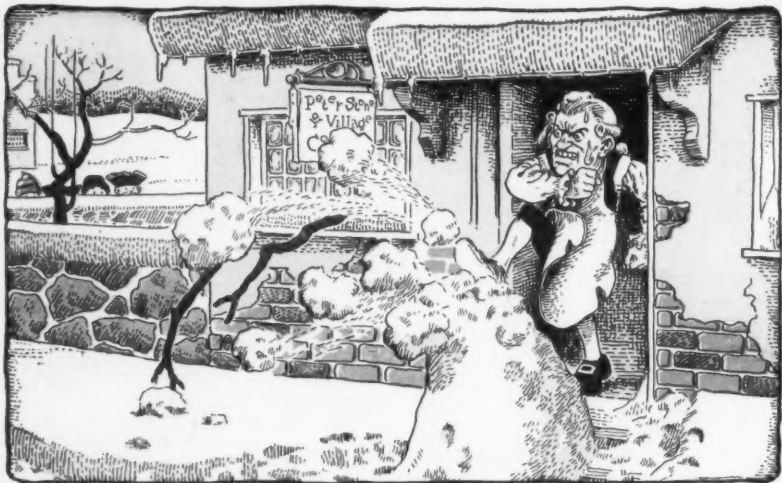
The boys proceed, on Christmas morn,
Old Peter's door-step to adorn.

[When the door is opened—]



The well-laid plan is a success;
Peter's amazed, as you may guess.

[—the snowball hits Peter in the face]



With joy the boys survey the scene,
While angry Peter vents his spleen.

[He resolves not to be caught again]



Next comes bashful, young Jack Slaughter,
With a Christmas gift for Peter's daughter.

[He never could find courage to propose]



Alack! Alas! Oh, cruel fate!
Old Peter kicks, then looks—too late!

[He thought it another trick]



"Oh, darling Jack!" the maiden cries,
And to assist him straightway flies.

[Peter regrets his unlucky haste]



They bear Jack in, with love and rue,
And with soothing draughts they bring him to.

[Meanwhile Peter explains his mistake]



Oh happy end! all doubts at rest,
Her golden head lies on Jack's breast.

[And the Christmas bells ring merrily]



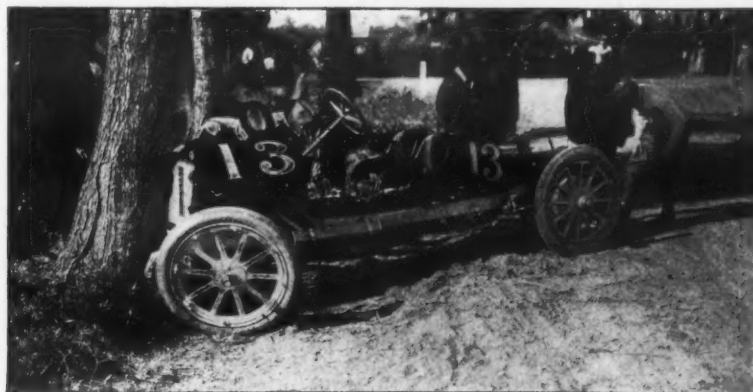
One of the rapid-fire punts that characterized the Army-Navy game on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, November 28, when West Point won 6-4



Louis Wagner, driving a Fiat 120-horsepower car, won the 402.08-mile Grand Prize auto race at Savannah, Georgia, Thanksgiving Day, in 6 hours 10 minutes 31 seconds



W. M. Hilliard, in the Lancia "Lampo," making a sharp turn. The driver and car that won the International Light-Car Race at Savannah, Georgia, November 25



Car No. 13, as if to vindicate fate, struck a tree and broke a steering knuckle on the Montgomery crossroads in the Light-Car Race



The State troops, acting as guards, succeeded perfectly in keeping the track clear over the entire course

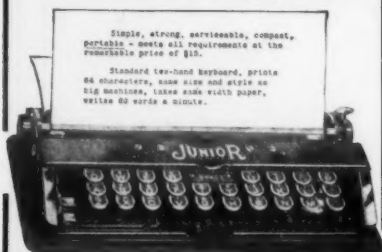


A group of spectators watching the race. No one was allowed near enough to the course to be in danger

Closing Events of the Season's Outdoor Sports

Photographs by James H. Hare

The New, Compact, \$15 Portable, Standard, Visible-Writing Typewriter



Does Work Equal to Best \$100 Machines

YOU have never had a chance like this before. The Junior Typewriter is the first practical, portable, standard keyboard, serviceable typewriter ever sold at a price within the reach of all.

For only \$15 you can get this Junior Typewriter which does everything you would want the most expensive machines to do, as easily, quickly and neatly as you desire. So compact that it may be carried about in pocket or suitcase or slipped into desk drawer—yet big enough for every use.

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with 28 keys operated with both hands, printing 84 characters—same as \$100 machines.

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and any language you want. Writes single or double space. Takes all sizes of paper up to 9 inches wide.

Speed 80 Words a Minute

which is much faster than the average person operates any typewriter. Writing always in sight.

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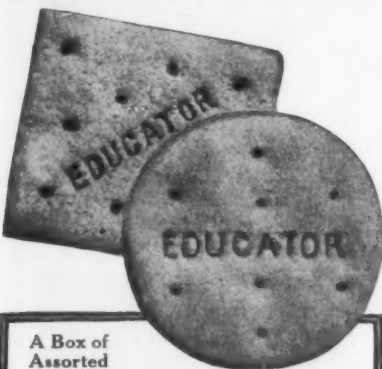
Durable, made to stand severe usage. Every part thoroughly tested before leaving factory. Guaranteed for one year. Could not be better made at any price.

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Send your order for a Junior to-day, with money order or draft for \$15, and it will be shipped you express prepaid. Money back if you do not find it everything we claim for it. If you'd like to know more about the Junior before ordering WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET.

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Business men, lawyers, clergymen, authors, students, young people at home—all who have writing to do cannot afford to be without the "Junior."



A Box of
Assorted

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Sent To You Free

just to let you prove the difference between them and the usual crackers you buy. The distinctive flavor afforded by our methods of milling and baking, make Educator Crackers more delicious as well as infinitely more nutritious than any crackers you've ever tasted.

Your name on a postal will bring the sample box; please give also the name of your grocer. All grocers should have Educator Crackers. If yours hasn't them and won't get them, we'll supply you direct.

Johnson Educator Food Co., 216 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



Williams' Shaving Stick yields a lather that keeps moist to the end of the shave. This means that your face won't feel "scraped" after shaving.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Who is My Neighbor?

(Continued from page 25)

when disaster comes there isn't so much as an acquaintance among us to whom the one in trouble can turn.

The Little Lady flung up her head at this, although it had been drooping sorrowfully. She had always been a city dweller.

"I grant you all that," she said, looking up courageously at the great stern man. "We're cruelly negligent; for my part, I'm too diffident to make the advances I want to, and diffidence is worse than negligence, for it implies doubt of another's friendliness. But we're all right at heart. Rouse us, and you'll find it so. We're going to prove it now, first by rescuing this apartment and its furniture, second, by finding those people."

The neighbors rallied like a little army. None of them had ever met before; they had gathered as a crowd does, because one, in passing, had paused to read the notice. But now the bond of a common repentance held them. "If we'd only known!" was the chorus. One neighbor could have spared the two a room, another could have loaned them her entire apartment while she was away. Perhaps a pass would have saved them; it could have been arranged. "The janitress says he was looking for work—why, there's exactly the place for such a man in our office," another said over and over.

The amount due was collected, the search was begun. That the old couple's friends were all distant the janitress was sure; the two must be in the city.

At first the thought of institutions was melancholy; but with the coming of night after the long, vain search, it was a comfort to reflect that some public building had surely opened its door to the wayfarers. For a bitter sleet storm set in, ticking at the windows, whipping through the streets. It lashed with growing fury until sidewalks, posts, trees were glazed.

Thanksgiving morning, tingling with sunshine, brought hopefulness and revived effort, but ended in failure. Afternoon came; wearied and grieving, the Little Lady slipped away to the roof. Here on summer nights she had now and then stolen for a brief space of renewing; above the bulky, towering buildings, teeming with strident life, she had breathed in the old-fashioned whiffs which rose like memories—from wall-flowers, petunias, spice pinks.

She pushed open the heavy door—stepped out into the clean, aloof air—she cried out.

She will never forget it. In the stripped

arbor—leafless stems about them—white and gold plates on the tiny rustic table where many a summer evening's tea had been spread—only crackers now—but in a vase the one remaining Thanksgiving rose—and their heads bowed. . . . And she heard: "For the repast which Thou hast provided, for the roof which Thou hast spread, we give thanks on this Thanksgiving Day."

They lifted their heads and saw her. A moment later her face was buried on Letitia's shoulder.

"You've been here—all night—in that storm?"

"Why, there, there, dear, don't cry. It's been real comfortable. We thought the landlord wouldn't mind, just for a day or two, till we find the niche."

"We slipped down for blankets and things," added Stephen. "And we had the summer-house covered like a tent last night."

"You'd be surprised how warm it was. See! Even the rose came through all right. I kept it under my shawl."

But the Little Lady sobbed on. "Oh, you darling, I've wanted you so—I've looked over and wanted you—I've wanted a mother!" Letitia enfolded her.

"Child, it's been all I could do to keep my hands off that blessed baby," she said.

The Little Lady rose. "You must come—you must come with me." Her hands were out to both of them, to Joseph Sayre, too, who, having finished his cracker, was now gnawing a clothespin. But first Letitia must fasten the rose in the Little Lady's lace. Stephen alone understood the great joy in her eyes as she did this.

A few days later the pretty young girl dropped in at the Little Lady's door. "So Mr. and Mrs. Sayre are to remain in their old apartment," she said.

"Yes, Mr. Sayre has that position, and they're happier so—the duties are very light. But they've let me adopt them."

The visitor took out her Battenberg. "Isn't it funny now? Like a village. And until they were lost nobody in the Luella knew anybody else."

Letitia bustled in, filled with pleasurable anxiety. "Alice," she said to the Little Lady, "did you remember to warm that blessed baby's clothes?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, I'm so glad—I was real worried. No—I can't stop a minute. I'm making a pie for Mr. Elmore. He says he feels as much regret as repentance over that one he refused."

A Reminiscence of Mr. Sherlock Holmes

(Continued from page 18)

"It is nearly half a mile; but there is no hurry. Let us walk," said he. "Don't drop the instruments, I beg. Your arrest as a suspicious character would be a most unfortunate complication."

Caulfield Gardens was one of those lines of flat-faced, pillared, and porticoed houses which are so prominent a product of the later Victorian epoch in the West End of London. Next door there appeared to be a children's party, for the merry buzz of young voices and the clatter of a piano resounded through the night. The fog still hung about and screened us with its friendly shade. Holmes had lit his lantern and flashed it upon the massive door.

"This is a serious proposition," said he. "It is certainly bolted as well as locked. We would do better in the area. There is an excellent archway down yonder in case a too zealous policeman should intrude. Give me a hand, Watson, and I'll do the same for you."

A minute later we were both in the area. Hardly had we reached the dark shadows before the step of the policeman was heard in the fog above. As its soft rhythm died away Holmes set to work upon the lower door. I saw him stoop and strain until with a sharp crash it flew open. We sprang through into the dark passage, closing the area door behind us. Holmes led the way up the curving, uncarpeted stair. His little fan of yellow light shone upon a low window.

"Here we are, Watson, this must be the one." He threw it open, and as he did so there was a low, harsh murmur, growing steadily into a loud roar as a train dashed past us in the darkness. Holmes swept his light along the window-sill. It was thickly coated with soot from the passing engines, but the black surface was blurred and rubbed in places.

"You can see where they rested the body. Hullo, Watson! What is this? There can be no doubt that it is a blood mark." He was pointing to faint discolorations along the woodwork of the window.

"Here it is on the stone of the stair also. The demonstration is complete. Let us stay here until a train stops."

We had not long to wait. The very next train roared from the tunnel as before, but slowed in the open, and then, with a creaking of brakes, pulled up immediately beneath us. It was not four feet from the window-ledge to the roof of the carriages. Holmes softly closed the window.

"So far we are justified," said he. "What do you think of it, Watson?"

"A masterpiece. You have never risen to a greater height."

"I can not agree with you there. From the moment that I conceived the idea of the body being upon the roof—which surely was not a very abstruse one—all the rest was inevitable. If it were not for the grave interests involved the affair up to this point would be insignificant. Our difficulties are still before us. But perhaps we may find something here which may help us."

We had ascended the kitchen stair and entered the suite of rooms on the first floor. One was a dining-room, severely furnished and containing nothing of interest. A second was a bedroom which also drew blank. The remaining room appeared more promising, and my companion settled down to a systematic examination. It was littered with books and papers, and was evidently used as a study. Swiftly and methodically Holmes turned over the contents of drawer after drawer, and cupboard after cupboard, but no gleam of success came to brighten his austere face. At the end of an hour he was no further than when he started.

"The cunning dog has covered his tracks up," said he. "He has left nothing to incriminate him. His dangerous correspondence has been destroyed or removed. This is our last chance."

It was a small tin cash-box which stood on the writing-desk. Holmes pried it open

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The grounds are separated from the liquid and the tannic acid and bitter principles are not steeped out as they are by the ordinary methods. By an automatic circulating process nothing but the good is extracted, leaving the grounds where they will do no harm and giving you not only a healthful beverage but better coffee and saves one third over the old way.

At the leading dealers, in the U.S. Style with alcohol burner or in Coffee Pot Style for use on gas stove or range. Over 100 styles and sizes. Write for descriptive booklet "1-23."

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Look for the stamp B. & B. on your Christmas Skates, which means

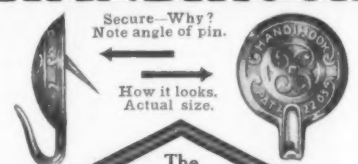
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Altho the Handhook requires only a push of your thumb to put it in, it is wonderfully secure. You can hang anything to 10 pounds on it, and it hangs at you. It's all in the scientific construction. The downward angle of the steel pin at the back so engages the wall or woodwork that the weight of the object hung makes the hook's grip all the firmer. And it leaves no ugly marks. You'll find the Handhook the handiest and best all-around hook ever devised for hanging pictures, whiskers, towels, coats, waists, skirts, draperies, reference books, utensils, etc., etc. Made in four finishes: brass, 25c.; satin nickel, 30c.; and antique copper, 30c. doz.

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"THE WORLD'S BEST"

Have you not always found Libbey
Cut Glass in the homes whose
beauty you admired the most?

Can you conceive anything lovelier
for gift purposes---anything con-
veying so delightfully the spirit
that should animate every gift?

*There's a store in your town which sells Libbey
Cut Glass—The World's very best—But be
sure that it is Libbey before you buy.
The name Libbey is 'graven in the glass.*

The Libbey Glass Co.
TOLEDO, OHIO.



Parker LUCKY CURVE Fountain Pens for Christmas

For Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Sweetheart

An expression of Christmas sentiment which, many times a day, every day in the year for many years, wins the pleasurable appreciation and sincere thanks of the recipient. PARKER pens are cherished lifetime companions because they give lifetime service and satisfaction—all because of the Lucky Curve.



It's the Lucky Curve that puts Parker pens in a class by themselves. With ordinary fountain pens, the heat of your body expands the air in the reservoir and forces ink out of the feed channel into the cap—they can't be other than inky and leaky. The Lucky Curve of the Parker drains this ink back into reservoir—no inky fingers—no blots.

No. 18. Price, \$2.00—Has "Lucky Curve." Spherulite ink controller, anti-break cap, same as more expensive pens. Black or mottled rubber, or fancy chased barrel. Screw joint. Fine, medium, coarse or stub point.

No. 20½. Price, \$2.50—Our best seller. So far as quality goes nothing better made. May be ordered fancy chased barrel and plain cap. No. 24½, two sizes larger than No. 20½, price, \$4.00.

No. 42½. Price, \$4.50—Neat, simple, elegant. Blank space on gold band in center for owner's name.

No. 6. Price, \$3.00—Deeply chased barrel with chased gold bands. Two sizes, larger or smaller.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

No. 45. Price, \$6.50—New and striking design. Cap crowned with pearl crown and gold band. Pearl design on barrel band by gold bands.

No. 18. Price, \$7.00—Barrel covered with deep pearl slabs held in place by gold bands. Cap covered with gold filigree. Space for owner's name. A superb pen.

No. 41. Price, \$8.50—Gentlemen's large size, very beautiful, 18K gold filled, Parker design.

No. 46. Price, \$20.00—Barrel and cap covered with solid 18K gold. Artistic design, deeply engraved. In plush or morocco box. A gift deluxe for gentleman or lady.

EMBLEM PENS, \$12.00 and \$12.50—Emblems of prominent fraternal orders. Solid gold bands. Wasons, K. K. of P., K. of C., I. O. O. F., etc. SPECIAL XMAS BOXES. Artistic, attractive, expressing the spirit of Xmas. An appropriate box for so appropriate a gift. Get a Parker, not "something just as good" which couldn't possibly be near as good, because no other pen has anything like the "Lucky Curve." "I guarantee my pens."

GEO. S. PARKER, Pres.
PARKER PEN CO.
398 Mill St. JAMESVILLE, WIS.

The Cap with the Colored Crown

(Design patent applied for)

Adds to the attractiveness and individuality in one or more colors or college colors. The end of cap is tipped with colors in any combination. For loyal college boys or girls a splendid gift. 10c extra for one color, 25c for two colors.

Write for Catalog. Illustrates wide range of designs and specialty pens from \$1.50 up.

Sold by 12,000 dealers.

If you can't find one write to me.

with his chisel. Several rolls of paper were within covered with figures and calculations without any note to show to what they referred. The recurring phrases, "Water pressure" and "pressure to the square inch," suggested some possible relation to a submarine. Holmes tossed them all impatiently aside. There only remained an envelope with some small newspaper slips inside it. He shook them out on the table, and at once I saw by his eager face that his hopes had been raised.

"What's this, Watson? Eh? What's this? Record of a series of messages in the advertisements of a paper. 'Daily Telegraph' agony column by the print and paper. Right hand top corner of a page. No dates—but messages arrange themselves. This must be the first:

"Hoped to hear sooner. Terms agreed to. Write fully to address given on card. Pierrot."

"Next comes:

"Too complex for description. Must have full report. Stuff awaits you when goods delivered. Pierrot."

"Then comes:

"Matter presses. Must withdraw offer unless contract completed. Make appointment by letter. Will confirm by advertisement. Pierrot."

"Finally:

"Monday night after nine. Two taps. Only ourselves. Do not be so suspicious. Payment in hard cash when goods delivered. Pierrot."

"A fairly complete record, Watson! If we could only get at the man at the other end." He sat lost in thought, tapping his fingers on the table. Finally he sprang to his feet.

"Well, perhaps it won't be so difficult after all. There is nothing more to be done here, Watson. I think we might drive round together to the offices of the 'Daily Telegraph' and so bring a good day's work to a conclusion."

MYCROFT HOLMES and Lestrade had come round by appointment after breakfast next day, and Sherlock Holmes had recounted to them our proceedings of the day before. The professional shook his head over our confessed burglary.

"We can't do these things in the force, Mr. Holmes," said he. "No wonder you get results that are beyond us. But some of these days you'll go too far, and you'll find yourself and your friend in trouble."

"For England, home, and beauty—eh, Watson? Martyrs on the altar of our country. But what do you think of it, Mycroft?"

"Excellent, Sherlock, admirable! But what use will you make of it?"

Holmes picked up the "Daily Telegraph," which lay upon the table.

"Have you seen Pierrot's advertisement to-day?"

"What! Another one?"

"Yes, here it is: 'To-night. Same hour. Same place. Two taps. Most vitally important. Your own safety at stake. Pierrot.'"

"By George!" cried Lestrade. "If he answers that, we've got him!"

"That was my idea when I put it in. I think if you could both make it convenient to come with us about eight o'clock to Caulfield Gardens, we might possibly get a little nearer to a solution."

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of Sherlock Holmes was his power of throwing his brain out of action and switching all his thoughts to lighter things whenever he had convinced himself that he could no longer work to advantage. I remember that during the whole of that memorable day he lost himself in a monograph which he had undertaken upon the Polyphonic motets of Lassus. For my own part, I had none of this power of detachment, and the day in consequence appeared to be interminable. The great national importance of the issue, the suspense in high quarters, the direct nature of the experiment which we were trying, all combined to work upon my nerves. It was a relief to me when at last, after a light dinner, we set out upon our expedition. Lestrade and Mycroft met us by appointment at the outside of Gloucester Road Station. The area door of Oberstein's house had been left unlocked the night before, and it was necessary for me, as Mycroft Holmes absolutely and indignantly declined to climb the railings, to pass round and open the hall door. By nine o'clock we were all seated in the study, waiting patiently for our man.

An hour passed and yet another. When eleven struck the measured beat of the great church clock seemed to sound the dirge of our hopes. Lestrade and Mycroft



SOCIETY BRAND Clothes are considered the height of perfection in modern dress for Young Men and Men who stay Young. Characteristic lines giving a dignified, gentlemanly appearance.

Made in Chicago by
Alfred Decker & Cohn
Sold through the better clothiers

Society Brand

By This Label I Know



The Coolest Underwear Ever Made for Summer Wear

Elastic, perfect-fitting, durable—and feels so comfortable. You can get genuine "Prosknit" only with this label in it.

For Sale Everywhere

For 50c ea. Shirts and Drawers 25c ea. For Men \$1.00 Union Suits 50c Boys Chalmers Knitting Co., 3 Washington St., Amsterdam, N.Y.



NEW LIGHT ON FOUNTAIN PENS The TEN-YEAR PEN

NEVER LEAKS NEVER SCRATCHES ALWAYS WRITES Guaranteed for Ten Years

In order to introduce this wonderful pen, we will send six pens for a week's trial to any responsible person giving references. Let us send you a case. We stand all the expense.

GEORGE B. GRAFF, Manager
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AN OPEN AIR BED ROOM Write for Free Literature.

Walsh Window Tent Co. 311 Franklin Street MORRIS, ILL.

Rich's Toy Air-ship "It's Lots of Fun"

Sensation of the day. Soars high above three and four story buildings; or skims close to the ground, rising gradually like a bird, then returns slowly to the operator. Sent postpaid, 50c. GIRARD MFG. CO. Dept. 10 GIRARD KANSAS

Christmas Presents Nothing will please the boys better than a Stamp Album or a few stamps. 150 different foreign 10c. 500 better grade 10c. 1000 varieties 25c. Complete list and 2 named Pictorial Stamps free. New England Stamp Co., 93 Washington Building, Boston

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE Bvds

The Only Genuine

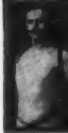
Note the taste, so different from others—that smooth melting quality and the surpassingly delicious aroma.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid. One sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

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What Breathe-Rite Is BREATHE-RITE is an elastic brace, not a corset, made of an indestructible, washable white fabric. It is as easy to put on and take off as a vest. It is equally good for Men, Women, Boys and Girls, one size fits anybody.



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That same Phonograph appeals to all the children, large and small; to grown-ups as well as to children; to guests as well as to the family. That is why

every mother, every mistress of a home
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The Edison Phonograph now has the new Amberol Records, which play twice as long as the old ones, which play longer and better than any other records made.

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ords, and make this Christmas a Phonograph Christmas.

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were fidgeting in their seats, and looking twice a minute at their watches. Holmes sat silent and composed, his eyelids half-shut, but every sense on the alert. He raised his head with a sudden jerk.

"He is coming," said he.

There had been a furtive step past the door. Now it returned. We heard a shuffling sound outside, and then two sharp taps with the knocker. Holmes rose, motioning to us to remain seated. The gas in the hall was a mere point of light. He opened the door, and then as a dark figure slipped past him he closed and fastened it. "This way!" we heard him say, and a moment later our man stood before us. Holmes had followed him closely, and as the man turned with a cry of surprise and alarm, he caught him by the collar and threw him back into the room. Before our prisoner had recovered his balance the door was shut, and Holmes standing with his back against it. The man glared round him, staggered, and fell senseless upon the floor. With the shock his broad-brimmed hat flew from his head, his cravat slipped down from his lips, and there was the long, light beard and the soft, handsome, delicate features of Colonel Valentine Walter.

Holmes gave a whistle of surprise.

"You can write me down an ass, this time, Watson," said he. "This was not the bird that I was looking for?"

"Who is he?" asked Mycroft, eagerly.

"The younger brother of the late Sir James Walter, the head of the Submarine Department. Yes, yes, I see the fall of the cards. He is coming to. I think that you had best leave his examination to me."

We had carried the prostrate body to the sofa. Now our prisoner sat up, looked round him with a horror-stricken face, and passed his hand over his forehead, like one who can not believe his own senses.

"What is this?" he asked. "I came here to visit Mr. Oberstein."

"Everything is known, Colonel Walter," said Holmes. "How an English gentleman could behave in such a manner is beyond my comprehension. But your whole correspondence and relations with Oberstein are within our knowledge. So also are the circumstances connected with the death of young Cadogan West. Let me advise you to gain at least the small credit for repentance and confession, since there are still some details which we can only learn from your lips."

The man groaned and sank his face in his hands. We waited, but he was silent.

"I can assure you," said Holmes, "that every essential is already known. We know that you were pressed for money; that you took an impress of the keys which your brother held; and that you entered into a correspondence with Oberstein, who answered your letters through the advertisement columns of the 'Daily Telegraph.' We are aware that you went down to the office in the fog on Monday night, but that you were seen and followed by young Cadogan West, who had probably some previous reason to suspect you. He saw your theft, but could not give the alarm, as it was just possible that you were taking the papers to your brother in London. Leaving all his private concerns, like the good citizen that he was, he followed you closely in the fog, and kept at your heels until you reached this very house. There he intervened, and then it was, Colonel Walter, that to treason you added the more terrible crime of murder."

"I did not! I did not! Before God I swear that I did not!" cried our wretched prisoner.

"Tell us, then, how Cadogan West met his end before you laid him upon the roof of a railway carriage."

"I will. I swear to you that I will. I did the rest. I confess it. It was just as you say. A Stock Exchange debt had to be paid. I needed the money badly. Oberstein offered me five thousand. It was to save myself from ruin. But as to murder, I am as innocent as you."

"What happened then?"

"He had his suspicions before, and he followed me as you describe. I never knew it until I was at the very door. It was thick fog and one could not see three yards. I had given two taps and Oberstein had come to the door. The young man rushed up and demanded to know what we were about to do with the papers. Oberstein had a short life preserver. He always carried it with him. As West forced his way after us into the house Oberstein struck him on the head. The blow was a fatal one. He was dead within five minutes. There he lay in the hall, and we were at our wits' end what to do. Then Oberstein had this idea about the trains which halted under his back window. But first he examined the papers which I had brought. He said that three of them were essential and that he must keep them. 'You can not keep them,' said I. 'There will be a dreadful row at Woolwich if they are not returned.' 'I must keep them,'

Your Best Interest

YOU must satisfy yourself and the Recruiting Officer that it is to your best interest to enlist in the Navy. Recruiting Officers decline to enlist young men if, in their judgment, the applicants are likely to become dissatisfied for any sufficient reason during their terms of enlistment.

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The Navy Department does not wish to urge any young man to join the Service, but for your own good and that of the Navy, it strongly urges you to thoroughly investigate the question. The majority of those who investigate enlist, and the majority of those who enlist are well satisfied.



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"Korrek Shape" shoes for men are made on lasts planned according to the normal, natural anatomy of the average foot. "Korrek Shape" not only means good style—it means a footwear model that is "nature-shaped" and therefore sure to give absolute comfort. Send for catalog.

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If the "Burrojaps" Patent (or dull) leather in the uppers of a pair of "Korrek Shape" shoes breaks through before the first sole is worn through, the dealer from whom they were bought is authorized by us to give you a new pair free. Look for the "Burrojaps" label stitched securely into the lining.

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PRICE

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Send for
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Department B-6, Brockton, Mass.

said he, 'for they are so technical that it is impossible in the time to make copies.' 'They must all go back together to-night,' said I. He thought for a little, and then he cried out that he had it. 'Three I will keep,' said he. 'The others we will stuff into the pocket of this young man. When he is found the whole business will assuredly be put to his account.' I could see no other way out of it, so we did as he suggested. We waited half an hour at the window before a train stopped. It was so thick that nothing could be seen; but we had no difficulty in lowering West's body on to the train. That was the end of the matter so far as I was concerned.

"And your brother?"
"He said nothing, but he had caught me once with his keys, and I think that he suspected. I read in his eyes that he suspected. As you know, he never held up his head again."

There was silence in the room. It was broken by Mycroft Holmes.

"Can you not make reparation? It would ease your conscience, and possibly your punishment."

"What reparation can I make?"

"Where is Oberstein with the papers?"

"I do not know."

"Did he give you no address?"

"He said that letters to the Hotel du Louvre, Paris, would eventually reach him."

"Then reparation is still within your power," said Sherlock Holmes.

"I will do anything I can. I owe this fellow no particular good-will. He has been my ruin and my downfall."

"Here is paper and pen. Sit at this desk and write to the dictation. Address the envelope to the address given. That is right. Now the letter:

"DEAR SIR—With regard to our transaction you will no doubt have observed by now that one essential detail is missing. I have a tracing which will make it complete. This has involved me in extra trouble, however, and I must ask you for a further advance of five hundred pounds. I will not trust it to the post, nor will I take anything but notes. I would come to you abroad, but it would excite remark if I left the country at present. Therefore I shall expect to meet you in the smoking-room of the Charing Cross Hotel at noon on Saturday. Remember that only English notes or gold will be taken."

"That will do very well. I shall be very much surprised if it does not fetch our man."

AND it did! It is a matter of history—that secret history of a nation which is often so much more intimate and interesting than its public chronicles—that Oberstein, eager to complete the coup of his lifetime, came to the lure and was safely engulfed for fifteen years in a British prison. In his trunk were found the invaluable Bruce-Partington plans, which he had put up for auction in all the naval centers of Europe.

Colonel Walter died in prison toward the end of the second year of his sentence. As to Holmes, he returned refreshed to his monograph upon the Polyphonic motets of Lassus, which has since been printed for private circulation, and is said by experts to be the last word upon the subject. Some weeks afterward I learned incidentally that my friend spent a day at Windsor, whence he returned with a remarkably fine emerald tie-pin. When I asked him if he had bought it, he answered that it was a present from a certain gracious lady in whose interests he had once been fortunate enough to carry out a small commission. He said no more, but I fancy that I could guess at that lady's august name, and I have little doubt that the emerald pin will forever recall to my friend's memory the Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans.

Samaritans Unsung

(Continued from page 22)

In he ambles, that quaint, bow-legged figure, with the big, rugged, comic face, in kilts and low cavalry boots, which he taps with a riding-whip as he stumps along.

Our ears are so accustomed to syncopated time that this swinging, sing-song rhythm seems altogether new and charming. That part of Lauder's charm lies in this music was proved to me at the American by a sketch called "Breaking Into Society," in which one of the Four Mortons in a hussar's uniform and beating a drum, marches back and forth along the foot-lights to just such time. And although she didn't pretend to any of Mr. Lauder's art, you could watch that facile step, the knee bending a bit each time, till the cows come home. And the Scotch burr is comic in itself to American ears, and, also, Mr.

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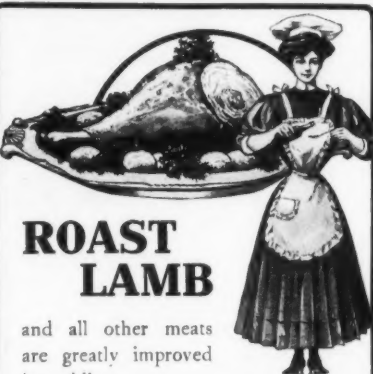
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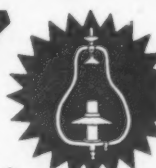
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Remember the name—*INNER-PLAYER*—and look for it and the name of

The Cable Company
on the frontboard.

THERE ARE THREE *INNER-PLAYER* PIANOS

The Conover *INNER-PLAYER* Piano
(88 and 65 note)
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A Message to Music Lovers



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The patented **Transposing Device** enables you to instantly shift the music roll to make compensation for expansion or contraction of the paper, due to weather changes. It also enables you to change from one key to another, or to raise or lower the key, thus increasing or diminishing the brilliancy of the composition.

The patented **Miniature Keyboard**, which is placed inside of the case, transmits the motion just as it would be transmitted by the impact of the fingers on the keys.

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The audience, that rainy afternoon, miles away from gloom by this time, warm, cheerful, and beaming from ear to ear with the contagion of a common enjoyment, leaned forward and clapped rapturously and would have listened forever. The canny Scott declared at last, however, that it was tea time for him, and away he stumped. And out poured the crowd into the city again, the glistening, wet city, now warm and cheerful with the evening lights. The "L" trains were pouring northward, the trolley-cars, crowded with folks going home to dinner, crept close on each other's heels. And the misty rain, suffused with the glow from millions of lamps, enveloped, drew about the town, softening its countenance and wrapping the streets in a new intimacy and seclusion.

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For my de-e-e-ary—
I'd rather lose my wchup than
lose my da-aisy!"

they hummed as they poured out of the theater and were swallowed up by the town.

The Race

THE first contest for the \$5,000 annual challenge Grand Prize gold cup of the Automobile Club of America, held in Savannah on Thanksgiving Day, was won by Louis Wagner, a former Vanderbilt Cup winner, in an Italian Fiat. He covered the 402.08 mile course in 6 hours, 10 minutes, and 31 seconds, maintaining an average speed of 65.10 miles an hour. Hemery, in a Benz, was second—the closest second in the history of great road races—being 56 seconds behind the winner. Nazarro, in a Fiat, was third. Hanriot, in another Benz, was a sensational fourth, running out of gasoline and trundling his machine along for the last quarter of a mile by jerking his body and pushing at the wheels. The first French car to finish was a Clément, driven by Hautvast, taking fifth place. Sixth came a Renault, driven by Lewis Strang, the only American-born driver to finish; seventh, Rigal in a Clément; eighth, Fournier in an Itala; and ninth, De Palma in a Fiat.

The course was a 25.13 mile circuit, with 36 turns, 16 of which were banked for high speed. The former road racing record for America was 64.4 miles an hour, made by Robertson's Locomobile in the last Vanderbilt Cup race. The world's road record is held by Nazarro. He made it with the car which he drove at Savannah, in the recent Floria Cup race in Italy: 74.3 miles an hour. The Floria Cup course had but four turns. The fastest single lap at Savannah was Wagner's final one, which he covered in 21.08, averaging 71 3/4 miles an hour. The race, which is worth about \$12,000 to the winning driver, was the most exciting event of the kind ever held in this country, having been won and lost in the last ten minutes. Unofficial timing showed speed as high as 101 7-10 miles per hour in the stretch. The twenty cars in the contest were divided as follows: Italy, 6 cars (3 Fiat and 3 Itala); Germany, 3 cars (Benz); France, 5 cars (2 Renaults, 2 Cléments, 1 De Dietrich); United States, 6 cars (Lozier, Simplex, National, Chadwick, Acme, Buick). Of these, 9 cars had finished when the race was declared off. Four were Italian, 2 German, 3 French, none American. Four cars were reported running at the end: De Dietrich, Simplex, National, and Lozier.

Politeness of Maggie

BISHOP CARMICHAEL, Anglican, who died last September in Montreal, was a singularly handsome and suave old gentleman who told amusing true stories in a most refined voice delightfully enriched by faint accents of his native Ireland. The following came from him last year after Sunday evening service in the drawing-room of a private summer mansion at St. Bruno, Quebec. It was related to the small congregation to whom he had eloquently preached a little earlier. By the way, Canon Davenant (a substituted name) was an older man, well-

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known to all present as having been many years before an unsuccessful candidate for the bishopric against the Reverend Carmichael.

"Not long ago it occurred to me," smiled the old Bishop, gently waving a very white, wrinkled, delicate, and slightly trembling hand, "that Canon Davenant had not taken his turn for service at the cathedral for several years. I had meant to officiate myself the next Sunday morning. But such a call came that I found that would be very inconvenient. So I called up Davenant by telephone on Thursday. Just as I expected, his old maid-servant, Maggie, came to the instrument. My receiver, I should explain, is very powerful, one made for a long-distance telephone.

"Is that Maggie?" I asked.

"Yes, my Lord." She had recognized my voice.

"Have the goodness, Maggie, to tell Canon Davenant that I shall be greatly obliged to him if he will kindly take the morning service next Sunday."

"I will, my Lord." Her voice was quivering. Davenant's telephone is in his library. I heard her say: "Your Riverence, it is his Lordship that is speaking." "Carmichael! What does the man want?" roared the Canon.

"His Lordship begs his compliments to your Riverence," says Maggie. "And he regrets very deeply to say that there is no one to take the morning service next Sunday, barrin' your Riverence would do him the great favor to take the duty yourself."

"I! Take the service myself! I will not! Tell him so just as distinctly as I tell you." The Canon is a thrifle deaf, as you all know.

"My Lord," says Maggie, in her meekest tones, "I humbly beg your Lordship's pardon, but his Riverence is after asking me to say to your Lordship that his state of health is so weak that he fears he must ask your Lordship to be so very kind as to consent to excuse him from the service next Sunday."

"No, Maggie," I answered. "Really, I can not. Tell the Canon that it was my intention to take that service myself, by way of relieving the others, to whom I have consequently given leave of absence. But a call has come, such an urgent one, that it will be very inconvenient for me to officiate. So I must really insist on Canon Davenant taking his turn. He has not done so for a very long time."

"Your Riverence," Maggie turned to Davenant, "his Lordship bids me say that he is exceedingly distressed in mind to be even thinking of putting your Riverence to the last inconvenience at any time. But his Lordship has given all his other clergy leave that day, and him meant to take the service himself, but now there is an urgent call to a deathbed that prevents him, and so he will be begging your Riverence to reconsider your decision, and to do him the great kindness to be taking the duty off him for this wance, and no more."

"Reconsider!" howls Davenant. "I'll see him hanged first! Just like Carmichael! Always wanting somebody else to do his work! Tell him most decidedly that I will not take the service! Let him keep his promise for once! But not at my expense! No!"

"My Lord," says Maggie, "I must most humbly beg your Lordship's pardon, because I was so forgetful as not to say at first what is really the trouble with his Riverence. 'Tis the terrible bad cold he has, me Lord. I dunno meself but it might go far to being the death of him if he was venturing to take the service next Sunday. And so he will be imploring your Lordship to spare him if you possibly can, just out of your Lordship's great goodness to every man of your clergy. And, me Lord, if meself might dare to take such a great liberty, I would be adding my own humble prayer to his Riverence's, and asking your Lordship to spare him—just only this wance, be reason av his feeble health, me Lord."

"Maggie," I told her, "you are a jewel. I have a long-distance telephone here. Tell the Canon I heard every word he told you. I will let him off, simply because you interpreted so intelligently. And, Maggie, I half wish the diocese needed a secretary—it would be just the place for your talents. You might relieve me from a world of troubles by smoothing things over so neatly. My blessing on you, Maggie, my good girl."

"With that she gave a small cry. I could not be sure but it was a bit of a pleased laugh—or maybe a frightened little scream."

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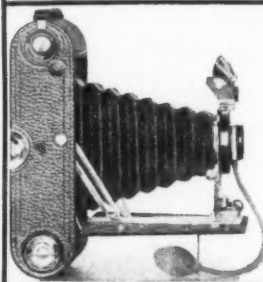
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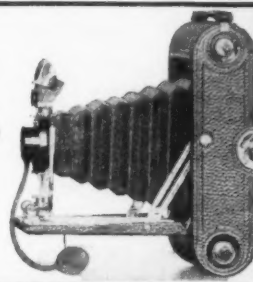
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, December 12, 1908



Fiction Number for January

Alfred Henry Lewis tells a genuine old-time Christmas story in "The Whole World Kin." No taint of sophistication or cynicism lurks in this bubbling narrative. Mr. Van Brent, millionaire, sipping a cordial at Delmonico's, "weary to the edge of despair," suddenly calls for a thousand dollars and a sleigh, and through the snow he descends upon the East Side of New York, in Third Street, off the Bowery. He summons Policeman McCue, pride of the precinct, flower of the Force, and asks him if he knows of any poor family who'd be the better for a little Christmas cheer. Of course he does. He knows of the "Three Little Weeks"—Jack, the newsboy-breadwinner, Bobbie, and Baby Paul. Herr Bernstein, the sympathetic old Jew with the beady eyes, aids the "society-carked" millionaire in a raid on the Christmas stores. He was "an Attila of toys, devastating whole shops." So Christmas came to the Little Weeks, and with it a feast where Mr. Van Brent presided with easy grace and more enthusiasm and heart-warmth than he had before shown in his twenty-seven years of life. And in the very heart of this Christmas cheer there ripples along a charming love story of Officer McCue and the girl who makes flowers out of colored paper—very young, plump, and pretty. The moral of it all is phrased by Herr Bernstein, who says: "Don't do right. Do good. It is better."

"Three Saved," by Wilson Mizner, is a stirring, dramatic story of the Northland. It is full of fight and land and sea adventure. There are fist-combats, shootings, and drownings, and through it all plays the heroism of strong men in a rough setting. The hero is a crook, but he has bravery and bodily power. His name is "Gimme Ed." He fights his way through a gang of men, "behind him a bleeding foeman every few feet to mark the path by which he had come." And a little later he rows a small skiff in an attempted rescue into a storm that makes even the gamblers, watching him from the shore, gasp, and swear, and sob.

"Ladies in Lavender," by William J. Locke, is the tale of what the Cornish sea washed up into the cove of two "soft-treaded, soft-fingered" maiden women. "A beautiful youth," dank with sea-water and moaning in pain, was "lying like a jelly-fish on the slab of rock in their cove, coatless and barefoot." They took him to their own immaculate home and nursed him to health, knitting him socks in secret, and playing for him the old untuned piano till he screamed his pain at the discord. "His long black hair and perfectly chiseled face" made havoc with the tender and inexperienced hearts of the lavender ladies. The story is the gentle kindly Romance of the Broken Ankle and of what happens when you entertain a Genius unawares.

The date of the number is December 26.

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